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"I am speaking to Lord Harry's spy!"—Chapter X.

WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST GREAT ROMANCE, "BLIND LOVE."—[See Page 405.]

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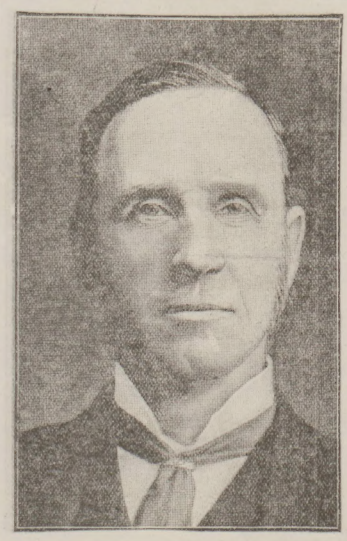
PRESS OPINION.
The *Daily Telegraph* of Nov. 16 says:—
"The special issue of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* is out early this season, and in an enlarged and improved form. It is rather rich this time in its literary contributions, including a burlesque romance by G. R. Sims and stories by Archibald Forbes, Howard Paul, George Manville Fenn, Richard Henry, and several other writers. Mr. John Latey Jun., the editor, writes a romantic and dramatic tale, entitled 'Little Sunbeam's Secret Marriage.' Among the artistic contributors are Maurice Greiffenhagen, F. Barnard, Harry Furniss, Hal Ludlow, and others. The presentation coloured plate is by Mr. C. Burton Barber, and is called 'Just Like Grandma!'—the droll exclamation being that of a little girl who has tried the effect of grandma's cap on the head of her pet doggie, mounted on grandma's chair. Altogether the number is a good one."

PERSONAL POLITICS

More about Morley.

I HAVE referred to Mr. Morley in this column, but his speech at the Eighty Club on social reform gives a new interest to his name, and an importance to his deliverances. It is a



MR. JOHN MORLEY, M.P.

curious fact that Mr. Morley, though he sometimes passes for an advanced politician, is not so regarded by the Radicals. I have before me a letter from an ardent Radical friend of mine denouncing Mr. Morley as an "eighteenth-century pedant," a "cold-blooded" individualist, and the rest. Nor does my correspondent stand alone in this opinion. M. De Laveleye, a very keen observer of English politics, lately expressed the view that Mr. Morley would never be the leader of the advanced party in our political struggles, and that both his opinions and his temperament unfitted him for such a task. Without endorsing this opinion, I know sufficient of Mr. Morley's influence on English politics—I am not now speaking of the Irish Question—to guess that there is some truth in the idea of the advanced men that Mr. Morley is not entirely on their side, and that privately, as well as publicly, he is anxious to stop politics going faster than he thinks they ought to go. His cold, clear intellect dislikes even the appearance of politics being guided by Continental considerations to something like a new platform. Yet he is not unsympathetic to some of the later developments of what I may call Social Radicalism.

An Opportunist.

The truth is that Mr. Morley has become what is best described as an Opportunist. He is for making certain definite advances for which he considers the time is ripe, but beyond this he does not look with much favour on reconstructive politics. It was M. De Laveleye, for instance, who said of him that he does not so much as know that the social question exists. That, of course, is no longer true, even if it ever could be said to represent Mr. Morley's actual and deliberate thought about social matters. But political reform, no doubt, occupies the first place in his interest and affections, and will do so as long as John Morley is John Morley. However, he has made great advances. His manners are, perhaps, still a little too cold to give him the universal popularity which attaches to Mr. Gladstone's name; but the way in which he has learned the art of oratory, until at this moment he is perhaps the second or third most attractive and powerful platform speaker in England—Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain alone among his contemporaries rivalling or excelling him—is beyond all praise. In the House of Commons he has a smaller following than in the country, Sir William Harcourt being more of a favourite on the Opposition benches. The sentiment which Mr. Morley seems to inspire generally—that which I believe, from his temper and disposition, he cherishes most—is that of respect for a conscientious and right-minded personality.

A New Shaftesbury?

I see Lord Dunraven has been making a rather advanced speech on social questions, and has practically been hinting at the necessity for a new Factories Act. The importance of the speech arises from the fact that Lord Dunraven and Lord Randolph Churchill hunt in couples, and that the latter is known to be anxious to turn the former's experiences as the Chairman of the Royal Commission on Sweating to account in future legislation. I should never be surprised to find, if Randolph again got his way with the Conservatives, they were to trump the Liberal cards, and introduce a series of measures on social reform. In that case Lord Dunraven would be a prominent man. He is a little wayward, and as a speaker has not been, with his undoubted cleverness, a conspicuous success: perhaps he is a little fond of lecturing the House of Lords, and the House of Lords does not care to be lectured. The House of Commons, under a similar trial, loses its patience; but the House of Lords has a far more effectual means of protecting itself. It goes to sleep. Yet I have heard Lord Dunraven deliver one or two excellent speeches to their Lordships. Personally he is a small thin man, with a sharp face, a pointed moustache, and eyeglasses. He used to be rather in with the gilded youth; but of late he has turned serious politician, and his presidency of the Sweating Commission is the most considerable act of his political life. He has been in the Guards, and has the military air, is a "Fairtrader," knows the Colonies, and no one could ever quite understand why he resigned office in 1887. He has a great belief in Lord Randolph.

Mrs. Besant.

I have no intention of saying anything on the merits of Besant v. Hoskyns, but it is worth noting that her vigorous defence was regarded by many of the barristers present as one of the ablest speeches they ever heard delivered in an English court. To some extent she shares with Mr. Bradlaugh the legal gifts which, if the famous iconoclast's way had lain in the paths of the law, must have made him Attorney-General of England. But Mrs. Besant is more emotional, more impassioned, more sentimental (I use the word for want of a better) than her old co-worker. This characteristic comes out with peculiar force in the story of her life. She has always been an eager champion of what she believed to be true. I remember reading from her powerful pen a most affecting defence of atheistic faith. Similarly, she has now passed from the rather barren Agnosticism of which she was never a very suitable advocate to Pantheism, Theosophy, and humanitarian Socialism. I suppose most of my readers have some kind of idea what kind of person Mrs. Besant is to look at, but to those who do not know her I may say that, though her face has now lost the girlish beauty which was so attractive some years ago, it is still, with its steady grey eyes, firm mouth, and intent look, a very interesting face. Like her friend Mr. Bradlaugh, she has always been very poor—journalism and lecturing being her main resources. She has also, I believe, a small, very small, property of her own. On the London School Board she has undoubtedly been a great success, both parties treating her with great deference and respect.

A Lost Career.

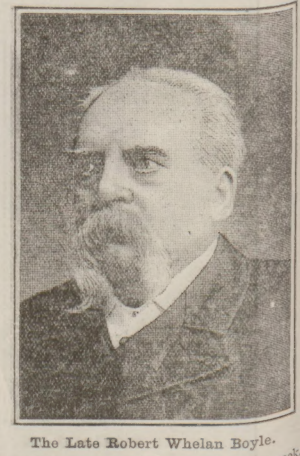
The other morning I happened to have news of poor Frank Hugh O'Donnell, who is now living a quiet life in Switzerland, never appearing on the scenes in which he was once so active a participant. It is a curious fact that Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, now so widely separated in opinion and fortune, were friends and fellow-students at Queen's College, Galway. "Frank Hugh" was then what he was later in public life—a man of great ambition, remarkable talent, and wonderful resource. The greatest things were predicted of him. He had a splendid physique, a singularly handsome face, was an excellent linguist, an attractive writer, went into society, and made money in journalism. London life, however, was too much for him, and a certain waywardness of temperament spoiled him for practical politics. A Parnellite, with strong Conservative leanings—for years he wrote the foreign and other "leaders" on the *Morning Post*—he never settled down to any one party, though he made himself alternately useful and annoying to nearly all of them. Personally, he was a very kindly man, with excellent manners, and a certain air of cynical good-nature which is characteristic of the Irishman. His health is now, I am afraid, very much broken.

"Divisions in the Cabinet."

So I see the old headline reappears in the newspapers. It is always refreshing to welcome an old friend back again, for it is usually a sign that politics are going to get interesting. But, as a matter of solid fact, there never was a time when Cabinets were not divided. It is their nature. Perhaps the most divided Cabinet of recent times was that of 1880 to 1885, though in its later years Lord Beaconsfield's Government could show a very fine record in the way of internecine strife. Mr. Gladstone does not as a rule keep his combinations very well together. This arises from the habit which he has of rather doing things off his own bat, without consulting his friends. It is very natural in a man of his great experience; but on one or two occasions, notably in regard to a certain statement that Mr. Gladstone made in the House of Commons in 1884 on Egypt, when two resignations were sent in, it gave rise to some inconvenience. At present there is no doubt that there is something like a separation of opinion both on the Irish Question and the English Social Question. The leader of the forward party is Sir Michael Hicks-Beach; of the backward party, Mr. Goschen. So, at least, runs the gossip of the hour.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.



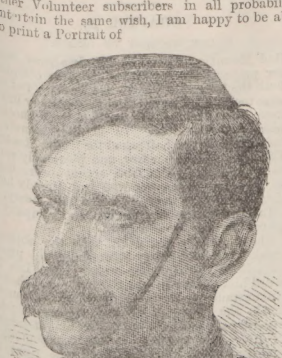
The Late Robert Whelan Boyle.

MR. ROBERT WHELAN BOYLE, who died last week, in his sixty-seventh year, had been the editor of the London *Daily Chronicle* since 1877. He was a native of the north of Ireland, and, on the maternal side, was related to Canon Whelan, the Protestant Rector of Maynooth. Beginning life in a printing-office, young Boyle made good use of his opportunities, and, moving upward step by step, proved himself an earnest worker in almost every rank of journalism. Experience was gained in Wales as well as in his own country; and, from being an assistant sub-editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, he succeeded to the chief sub-editorship of the *Hour*. It was when Mr. Edward Lloyd had laid the foundation of the *Daily Chronicle* as an imperial paper that he engaged Mr. Boyle as first editor. The progress of that journal has been one of the most striking events of modern newspaper history, and Mr. Boyle's whole attention was devoted to it. He found time, however, to publish a small volume of poems, and is likewise remembered for the expressive fluency of a few literary addresses. In making a presentation to Mr. Boyle a few years ago, the entire literary staff of the *Chronicle* expressed their appreciation of his "upright character, uniform kindness, and genial disposition." These estimable qualities will serve to keep his memory green. It should be added that, by his own desire, Mr. Boyle's remains were cremated at Woking; and his ashes were on Monday removed to Highgate Cemetery in a casket, the funeral service being attended by a gathering of friends and relatives.

The North London Rifle Champion

for many years has been gallant Gus Rosenthal, formerly a comrade of mine in the old 10th Middlesex, now a shining light among the active and useful members of the Honourable Artillery Company. While speeding the departing Middlesex marksman, it is my pleasant duty to

welcome the distinguished crack shot who has proved himself this year's champion of the North London Rifle Club. As a Correspondent of mine from dulcet Devon has expressed a wish to see a likeness of the new Champion, and as many other Volunteer subscribers in all probability entertain the same wish, I am happy to be able to print a Portrait of



Sergeant G. E. Fulton.

He is a sharpshooter of whom Colonel Howard Vincent and the Queen's Westminsters are rightly proud. A wood-engraver by vocation, he has need of sharp eyes, and he made good use of them last year when he carried off the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon with a total score of 280. Sergeant Fulton has this November won the championship and gold jewel of the North London Rifle Club with the good round score of 1100 points, shooting with the Government Martini-Henry rifle. Well done, Fulton! Go on and prosper!

M. Victorien Sardou.

Mr. John Hare's next venture, "La Tosca," which will be produced in a few days, reminds me that of all modern French dramatists M. Sardou is the best known out of France. The author of nearly fifty plays, some very popular and wonderfully ingenious in construction, is a native of Paris, where he was born Sept. 7, 1831. His father was a school-teacher, and the author of some clever elementary school-books, and his gifted son started in life as a medical student. M. Sardou had severe struggles in his early career. From 1850 to 1860 his life was a bitter conflict with misery and privation. He was usher in a school at a wretched salary, helped to compile a dictionary, wrote cheap horrors for obscure newspapers, and all the time kept his eye upon the stage, sending in plays which were never read, or, if read, rejected. At last, in 1854, the Odéon brought out his "Taverne des Etudiants," which was a dead failure. Next he tried novels, and one of these, the "Perle Noire," has survived, and has been "done in English." In 1858, still as poor as the proverbial church mouse, he married Mdlle. De Brécourt, the actress, who introduced him to M. Vanderbuch, a dramatist, who had written for Déjazet, and he agreed to collaborate with Sardou. They wrote a little piece for Déjazet. It was a long time before this piece, the "Premières Armes de Figaro," was produced, but when it came out it succeeded, and placed Sardou in a better position. He wrote "Près St. Gervais," which was in 1874 arranged as a comic opera and set to music by Lecocq. The stage door once opened, Sardou set to work pretty briskly, and in four years, 1860 to 1864, wrote and produced over twenty plays. Only two really succeeded, for the eager dramatist was in too great a hurry with his work, but these two, "Paittes de Mouche" and "Nos Intimes," became famous. There are about half a dozen English versions of them, and, under the title of "A Scrap of Paper," the Kendals are now performing in one of them in America. Many successes have rewarded the dramatist since—the "Famille Benoiton," "Patrie," "Daniel Rochat," "Fernande," "Dora," "Divorçons," and others; and, should "La Tosca" realise anticipations, it will probably add greatly to Sardou's reputation.

Two Popular English Composers.

The great success attending the production of two new works by English composers at the Albert Hall the other night proved the advance that English music is making. Professor Charles Villiers Stanford, composer of "The Voyage of Maeldune," is a native of Dublin, where he was born in 1852. After studying in Dublin he went to Leipzig and Berlin, and in 1873 was appointed organist of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1883 he became professor at the Royal College of Music. Several of his works have been successful on the Continent—for example, his "Veiled Prophet," produced at Hanover 1881. He also wrote the opera "Savonarola" and a host of sacred and secular works and orchestral compositions. I heard his "Voyage of Maeldune" the other night with the conviction that Professor Stanford is likely to become one of the most prominent of English composers.

Dr. C. Hubert H. Parry

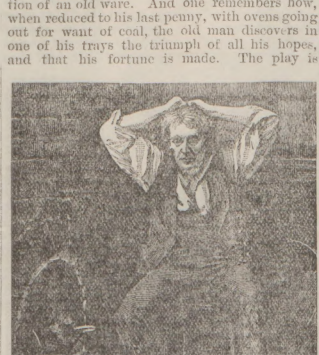
had splendid success on the same night with his setting of Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." Dr. Parry was born at Bournemouth in 1848, studied under Macfarren and Sterndale Bennett, and got his degree of Bachelor of Music while a boy at Eton, and his degree of Doctor of Music at Cambridge 1883. Dr. Parry belongs to the "advanced" school of English musicians, and many of his compositions were not appreciated as they deserved for a long time. But his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," with its noble choral effects, quite took the audience by storm.

The Origin of Promenade Concerts.

I have been asked several times of late about the early history of Promenade Concerts. The first experiment of the kind was made at the Lyceum Theatre on Dec. 12, 1838. They were not then called "Promenade Concerts," but "Concerts *à la* Musard," and three years before that the idea was started in Paris. Musard, the composer of dance music, conducted the Lyceum concerts, and his quadrilles "Les Echos" and "Les Danois" soon became the rage. Music of a light character was most in vogue, for not till long after did the days come when a classical symphony could be ventured upon, and I well remember myself hearing a movement from a symphony of Beethoven hissed at a promenade concert. After the Lyceum venture there were promenade concerts at the Colosseum, Regent's Park: but music alone was not in those days considered a sufficient attraction, and most grotesque exhibitions were mixed up with sweet sounds. In 1839 promenade concerts were given at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand. Then military promenade concerts were given at the Lyceum with Godfrey and the Coldstreams' band. Various experiments were made, until Jullien started on a grand scale at Drury-lane, and gave a character to these entertainments such as they had never before had. He honestly endeavoured to raise the quality of the music, and, with all his peculiarities, he was a man of genuine talent. He had the honour of introducing Mr. Sims Reeves in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and started English opera with great spirit. In 1851, the Great Exhibition year, he was again in London. Poor fellow! he got into sad difficulties in Paris, was in prison for debt for a year or two, went to New York under Barnum, who is here well and hearty at four-score. Jullien's losses preyed upon his mind, and in a fit of insanity he stabbed himself and died of his wounds in 1860. One notable feature of recent promenade concerts is the high-class music which may frequently be heard. The symphonies of the great masters are now played entire. Probably the largest audience ever seen at a promenade concert was at New York, when Mr. Barnum opened there a series, with Jullien as conductor. More than forty thousand persons were present. The fact of two large theatres in London having been devoted to promenade concerts this autumn indicates that their popularity has not declined.

"The Middleman."

I do not think that my colleague Thespis has a right to all the good things of life, so I went the other evening to see "The Middleman" at the Shaftesbury Theatre. It is a play which everyone should see, which nearly everyone will enjoy, and which will do nearly everyone a great deal of good. Cyrus Blenkarn, the inventive genius of the Tatlow Porcelain Works, is an individual whom, in Mr. Willard's splendid impersonation, one is not likely soon to forget. My readers know the story of the wealthy manufacturer and the poor inventor, and the apparently fatuous zeal of this last for a new kind of porcelain ware, or, rather, the resuscitation of an old ware. And one remembers how, when reduced to his last penny, with ovens going out for want of coal, the old man discovers in one of his trays the triumph of all his hopes, and that his fortune is made. The play is



MR. WILLARD AS CYRUS BLENKARN.

pleasing on many grounds. Its social sympathies are sound and exciting to those questionings without which no real progress is made; and its impulse to forgiveness in the last act through the sacred memories of a lost loved-one is very fine indeed. My readers must not fail to see "The Middleman."

The Premier's Speaking Likeness,

printed on the front page of our last Number, was reproduced from Messrs. Elliott and Fry's vivid photograph of the Marquis of Salisbury. Have you ever visited the well-known studio of Messrs. Elliott and Fry at 55, Baker-street, Portman-square? The last time I was there, the very faces themselves of some of our most famous men seemed to shine from the frames. I particularly remember the most powerful photograph ever taken of Tennyson in his prime—an artistic masterpiece that stamped Elliott and Fry as Past Masters of their art.—THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Good Music is in growing request. This is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. Let me cite the admirable popular concerts, which are now of frequent occurrence, at the People's Palace in the Mile-end-road, at the Bow and Bromley Institute, and at the Poplar Townhall. The East-End of London is materially benefited, and harmony cannot but be promoted by these musical meetings, which will multiply, I trust, in every parish in London. I am happy to say a musical friend reports most favourably of the operatic matinée given at the Avenue Theatre on Monday, and urges everyone who delights in melodious songs and winsome airs, tuneful songs and pretty dances, to flock to the Avenue to witness an excellent juvenile company's representation of "The Belles of the Village," music by Mr. John Fitzgerald, libretto by Mr. Hugh Foster. Recalling the great interest that was taken by children of all ages in the youthful performances of the Gilbert-Sullivan opera of "H.M.S. Pinafore," I have no doubt "The Belles of the Village" will prove a genuine success, grace to the admirable work of author and composer, and the clever acting and singing of Misses Lizzie Primmer and Annie Fieber, and Masters Herbert Arnold and Frank and Christian Mettrop. To crown Monday's musical doings, there was the farewell concert of Adelina Patti at the Albert Hall, where the acknowledged Empress of Song repeated her triumphs, and made a vast audience regret she is off for another golden tour in America.

Mr. Eugene Sandow,

a fair and modest Hercules in the flower of youthful manhood, was sketched in outline in *The Penny Illustrated Paper* on the occasion of his recent bout for a wager with Samson, who claimed to be "the strongest man on earth." But it is due to this extraordinarily powerful young German, Herr Sandow, that his handsome face should be represented by the photographer's art. He is an athletic marvel, and Attila should be proud of his pupil. To look at Sandow in his ordinary clothes, he appears to be of ordinary mould. In acrobatic attire, with the splendid muscles of his arms bared, Sandow is seen to possess perhaps the most magnificent physique in London at the present time. He literally came, was seen, and conquered at the Alhambra on Monday night. The Alhambra Management had maintained the huge assemblage of the public in good humour by the brilliant dash and "go" of the triumphant Naval and Military Ballet, one of the most spirit-stirring spectacles of modern times, by the immensely droll ditties of Mr. James Fawn, the charming singing of old English ballads by Miss Coleridge, the daring acrobatism of the Wilson Troupe, and the superb orchestration of M. Jacobi's unrivalled band. A hearty greeting was, accordingly, bestowed upon M. Attila when he appeared, and forthwith astounded us by lifting weights and bars and dumb-bells of enormous weight with aplomb. The mentor prepared the way for his accomplished pupil, Eugène Sandow. Nothing equal to this wonderful weight-lifting performance has hitherto been seen here. Bearing himself with becoming modesty, this supremely muscular rival of Samson (who sat with Cyclops among the interested spectators in the stalls) won plaudit after plaudit by his herculean achievements, which should draw "All London" to the well-managed Alhambra.

I hope to be able to report favourably next week of the new comical "Corsican Brothers" burlesque at the Royalty; and of the new opera at the Lyric Theatre, "The Red Hussar," by Mr. H. P. Stephens and Mr. Solomons, due this evening. I hear M. Jacobi is busily engaged on the music of the forthcoming new Spanish ballet at the Alhambra, and also on the music of the comic opera Mr. G. R. Sims is finishing for the Avenue Theatre. THESPIS.

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"149, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, London, N., 1889.
"SIR,—I received the 'Gem' melodeon this morning, Wednesday, and must say that I am delighted with it. It has a splendid tone, and a better one I never saw for such little money. I wish you every success in selling many of them, with many thanks for the one I have just received.—I remain, yours truly, G. ATTRIDGE."

"Training College, Saltley, Birmingham, 1889.
"Dear Sirs,—I received the 'Paragon' melodeon on Saturday morning. The beautiful instrument gives me entire satisfaction. I consider it a great bargain for the small sum of 16s. I shall be most happy to recommend it to any of my comrades who intend purchasing an instrument at any time, and thanks for your prompt attention to my order.—I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully,
"F. H. ROE."

"R. I. Constabulary, Ballinea, Mullingar, Westmeath, Ireland, 1889.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co. Gentlemen,—My order to hand this morning, and, in a word, allow me to say it justly deserves the title of 'Favourite' melodeon. I can assure you I will be most happy to recommend your establishment—an establishment which has gained for itself a world-wide reputation. In conclusion, thank you so much for your punctuality in executing my order, and also you have my permission in using this unsolicited testimonial in any way you choose.—Yours, &c.,
"ROBERT MILLS HASKIN.

"Messrs. Campbell and Co."

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Lord Salisbury will be the guest next week of the Duke of Portland at Welbeck.

The value has been sworn at £10,747 17s. 10d. of the personal estate of the late Mr. John Sanger, of St. Ann's-road, Stamford-hill, and of Sanger's Amphitheatre, circus proprietor, who died at Ipswich on Aug. 28 last, aged seventy years.

A Miss Ada Selby of Thrapston, Northamptonshire, who was highly respected in the district, committed suicide by poison. At the inquest on Nov. 15, it transpired that she had been engaged for ten years to an auctioneer named Bletsoe. A letter was read in which the unfortunate girl stated that she was very unhappy owing to the engagement having been broken off, and concluding: "Now, Harry, I love you as much as ever, but I shall be far better out of the way. It is a very sad thing to think how our engagement of nine years—nearly ten—should end like this; but it is best, for there seems no happiness for you and I together in this world, and I cannot live here without you. I cannot write any more.—Good bye, darling."

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BLIND LOVE.

WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST ROMANCE.

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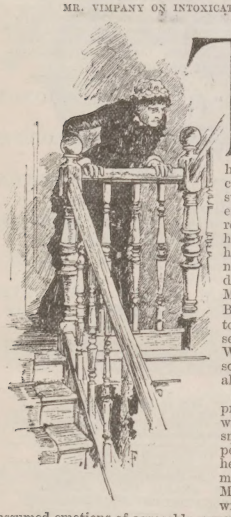
CHAPTER IX.

MR. VIMPANY ON INTOXICATION.



There was no unsteadiness in the doctor's walk, and no flush on his face. He certainly did strut when he entered the room: and he held up his head with dignity, when he discovered Mountjoy. But he seemed to preserve his self-control. Was the man sober again already?

His wife approached him with her set smile; the appearance of her lord and master filled Mrs. Vimpany with perfectly assumed emotions of agreeable surprise.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," she said. "You seldom favour us with your company, my dear, so early in the evening. Are there fewer patients in want of your advice than usual?"

"You are mistaken, Arabella. I am here in the performance of a painful duty."

The doctor's language, and the doctor's manner, presented him to Iris in a character that was new to her. What effect had he produced on Mrs. Vimpany? That excellent friend to travellers in distress lowered her eyes to the floor, and modestly preserved silence. Mr. Vimpany proceeded to the performance of his duty; his painful responsibility seemed to strike him at first from a medical point of view.

"If there is a poison which undermines the sources of life," he remarked, "it is alcohol. If there is a vice that degrades humanity, it is intoxication. Mr. Mountjoy, are you aware that I am looking at you?"

"Impossible not to be aware of that," Hugh answered. "May I ask why you are looking at me?" It was not easy to listen gravely to Mr. Vimpany's denunciation of intemperance, after what had taken place at the dinner of that day. Hugh smiled. The moral majesty of the doctor entered its protest.

"This is really shameful," he said. "The least you can do is to take it seriously."

"What is it?" Mountjoy asked. "And why am I to take it seriously?"

Mr. Vimpany's reply was, to say the least of it, indirect. If such an expression may be permitted, it smelt of the stage. Viewed in connection with Mrs. Vimpany's persistent assumption of silent humility, it suggested to Mr. Mountjoy a secret understanding, of some kind, between husband and wife.

"What has become of your conscience, sir?" Mr. Vimpany demanded. "Is that silent monitor dead within you? After giving me a bad dinner, do you demand an explanation? Ha! you shall have it."

Having delivered himself to this effect, he added action to words. Walking grandly to the door, he threw it open, and saluted Mountjoy with an ironical bow. Iris observed that act of insolence; her colour rose, her eyes glittered. "Do you see what he has just done?" she said to Mrs. Vimpany.

The doctor's wife answered softly: "I don't understand it." After a glance at her husband, she took Iris by the hand: "Dear Miss Henley, shall we retire to my room?"

Iris drew her hand away. "Not unless Mr. Mountjoy wishes it," she said.

"Certainly not!" Hugh declared. "Pray remain here; your presence will help me to keep my temper." He stepped up to Mr. Vimpany. "Have you any particular reason for opening that door?" he asked.

The doctor was a rascal; but, to do him justice, he was no coward. "Yes," he said, "I have a reason."

"What is it, if you please?"

"Christian forbearance," Mr. Vimpany answered.

"Forbearance towards me?" Mountjoy continued.

The doctor's dignity suddenly deserted him.

"Aha, my boy, you have got it at last!" he cried. "It's pleasant to understand each other, isn't it? You see, I'm a plain-spoken fellow; I don't wish to give offence. If there's one thing more than another I pride myself on, it's my indulgence for human frailty. But, in my position here, I'm obliged to be careful. Upon my soul, I can't continue my acquaintance with a man who—oh, come! come! don't look as if you didn't understand me. The circumstances are against you, sir. You have treated me infamously."

"Under what circumstances have I treated you infamously?" Hugh asked.

"Under pretence of giving me a dinner," Mr. Vimpany shouted—"the worst dinner I ever sat down to!"

His wife signed to him to be silent. He took no notice of her. She insisted on being understood. "Say no more!" she warned him, in a tone of command.

The brute side of his nature, roused by Mountjoy's contemptuous composure, was forcing its way outwards; he set his wife at defiance.

"Then don't let him look at me as if he thought I was in a state of intoxication!" cried the furious doctor. "There's the man, Miss, who tried to make me tipsy," he went on, actually addressing himself to Iris. "Thanks to my habits of sobriety, he has been caught in his own trap. *He's* intoxicated. Ha, friend Mountjoy, have you got the right explanation at last? There's the door, sir!"

Mrs. Vimpany felt that this outrage was beyond endurance. If something was not done to atone for it, Miss Henley would be capable—her face, at that moment, answered for her—of leaving the house with Mr. Mountjoy. Mrs. Vimpany seized her husband indignantly by the arm.

"You brute, you have spoilt everything!" she said to him. "Apologise directly to Mr. Mountjoy. You won't?"

"I won't!"

Experience had taught his wife how to break him to her will. "Do you remember my diamond pin?" she whispered.

He looked startled. Perhaps he thought she had lost the pin.

"Where is it?" he asked eagerly.

"Gone to London to be valued. Beg Mr. Mountjoy's pardon, or I will put the money in the bank—and not one shilling of it do you get."

In the meanwhile, Iris had justified Mrs. Vimpany's apprehensions. Her indignation noticed nothing but the insult offered to Hugh. She was too seriously agitated to be able to speak to him. Still admirably calm, his one anxiety was to compose her.

"Don't be afraid," he said; "it is impossible that I can degrade myself by quarrelling with Mr. Vimpany. I only wait here to know what you propose to do. You have Mrs. Vimpany to think of."

"I have nobody to think of but You," Iris replied. "But for me, you would never have been in this house. After the insult that has been offered to you—oh, Hugh, I feel it too!—let us return to London together. I have only to tell Rhoda we are going away, and to make my preparations for travelling. Send for me from the inn, and I will be ready in time for the next train."

Mrs. Vimpany approached Mountjoy, leading her husband.

"Sorry I have offended you," the doctor said. "Beg your pardon. It's only a joke. No offence, I hope?"

His servility was less endurable than his insolence. Telling him that he need say no more, Mountjoy bowed to Mrs. Vimpany and left the room. She returned his bow mechanically, in silence. Mr. Vimpany followed Hugh out—thinking of the diamond pin, and eager to open the house door, as another act of submission which might satisfy his wife.

Even a clever woman will occasionally make mistakes; especially when her temper happens to have been roused. Mrs. Vimpany found herself in a false position, due entirely to her own imprudence.

She had been guilty of three serious errors. In the first place, she had taken it for granted that Mr. Vimpany's restorative mixture would completely revive the sober state of his brains. In the second place, she had trusted him with her vengeance on the man who had found his way to her secrets through her husband's intemperance. In the third place, she had rashly assumed that the doctor, in carrying out her instructions for insulting Mountjoy, would keep within the limits which she had prescribed to him, when she hit on the audacious idea of attributing his disgraceful conduct to the temptation offered by his host's example. As a consequence of these acts of imprudence she had exposed herself to a misfortune that she honestly dreaded—the loss of the place which she had carefully maintained in Miss Henley's estimation. In the contradictory confusion of feelings, so often found in women, this deceitful and dangerous creature had been conquered—little by litle, as she had herself described it—by that charm of sweetness and simplicity in Iris, of which her own depraved nature presented no trace. She now spoke with hesitation, almost with timidity, in addressing the woman whom she had so cleverly deceived, at the time when they first met.

"Must I give up all, Miss Henley, that I most value?" she asked.

"I hardly understand you, Mrs. Vimpany."

"I will try to make it plainer. Do you really mean to leave me, this evening?"

"I do."

"May I own that I am grieved to hear it? Your departure will deprive me of some happy hours, in your company."

"Your husband's conduct leaves me no alternative," Iris replied.

"Pray do not humiliate me by speaking of my husband! I only want to know if there is a harder trial of my fortitude still to come. Must I lose the privilege of being your friend?"

"I hope I am not capable of such injustice as that," Iris declared. "It would be hard indeed to lay the blame of Mr. Vimpany's shameful behaviour on you. I don't forget that you made him offer an apology. Some women, married to such a man as that, might have been afraid of him. No, no: you have been a good friend to me—and I mean to remember it."

Mrs. Vimpany's gratitude was too sincerely felt to be expressed with her customary readiness. She only said what the stupidest woman in existence could have said: "Thank you."

In the silence that followed, the rapid movement of carriage-wheels became audible in the street. The sound stopped at the door of the doctor's house.

CHAPTER X.

THE MOCKERY OF DECEIT.

Had Mountjoy arrived to take Iris away, before her preparations for travelling were complete? Both the ladies hurried to the window, but they were too late. The rapid visitor, already hidden from them under the portico, was knocking smartly at the door. In another minute, a man's voice in the hall asked for "Miss Henley." The tones—clear, mellow, and pleasantly varied here and there by the Irish accent—were not to be mistaken by anyone who had already heard them. The man in the hall was Lord Harry.

In that serious emergency, Mrs. Vimpany recovered her presence of mind.

She made for the door, with the object of speaking to Lord Harry before he could present himself in the drawing-room. But Iris had heard him ask for her in the hall; and that one circumstance instantly stripped of its concealments the character of the woman in whose integrity she had believed. Her first impression of Mrs. Vimpany—so sincerely repented, so eagerly atoned for—had been the right impression after all! Younger, lighter, and quicker than the doctor's wife, Iris reached the door first, and laid her hand on the lock.

"Wait a minute," she said.

Mrs. Vimpany hesitated. For the first time in her life at a loss what to say, she could only sign to Iris to stand back. Iris refused to move. She put her terrible question in the plainest words:—

"How does Lord Harry know that I am in this house?"

The wretched woman (listening intently for the sound of a step on the stairs) refused to submit to a shameful exposure, even now. To her perverted moral sense, any falsehood was acceptable, as a means of hiding herself from discovery by Iris. In the very face of detection, the skilled deceiver kept up the mockery of deceit.

"My dear," she said, "what has come to you? Why won't you let me go to my room?"

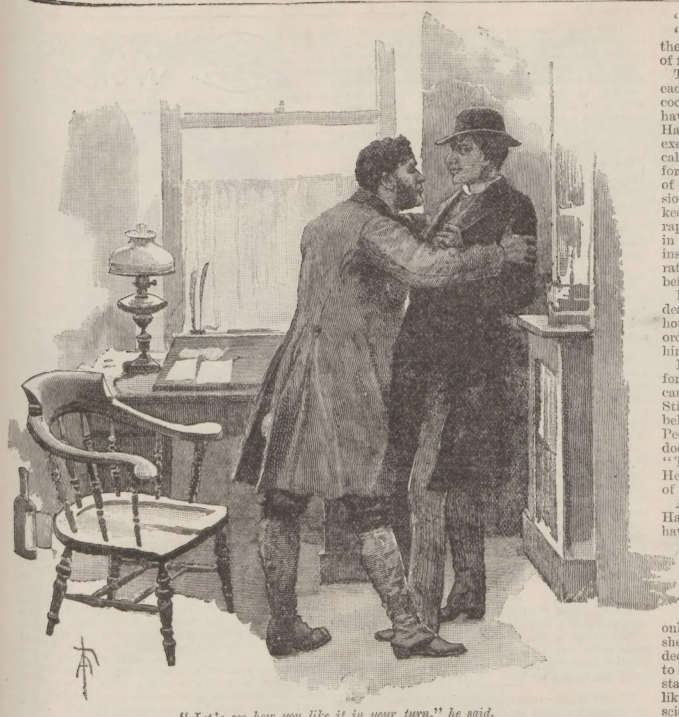
Iris eyed her with a look of scornful surprise. "What next?" she said. "Are you impudent enough to pretend that I have not found you out, yet?"

Sheer desperation still sustained Mrs. Vimpany's courage. She played her assumed character against the contemptuous incredulity of Iris, as she had sometimes played her theatrical characters against the hissing and hooting of a brutal audience.

"Miss Henley," she said, "you forget yourself!"

"Do you think I didn't see in your face," Iris rejoined, "that *you* heard him too? Answer my question."

Mrs. Vimpany approached Mountjoy, leading her husband.



"Let's see how you like it in your turn," he said.

"What question?"

"You have just heard it."

"No!"

"You false woman!"

"Don't forget, Miss Henley, that you are speaking to a lady."

"I am speaking to Lord Harry's spy!"

Their voices rose loud, the excitement on either side had reached its climax; neither the one nor the other was composed enough to notice the sound of the carriage-wheels, leaving the house again. In the meanwhile, nobody came to the drawing-room door. Mrs. Vimpany was too well acquainted with the hot-headed Irish lord not to conclude that he would have made himself heard, and would have found his way to Iris, but for some obstacle, below stairs, for which he was not prepared. The doctor's wife did justice to the doctor at last. Another person had, in all probability, heard Lord Harry's voice—and that person might have been her husband.

Was it possible that he remembered the service which she had asked of him, and, even if he had succeeded in calling it to mind, was his discretion to be trusted? As those questions occurred to her, the desire to obtain some positive information was more than she was able to resist. Mrs. Vimpany attempted to leave the drawing-room for the second time.

But the same motive had already urged Miss Henley to action. Again the younger woman outstripped the elder. Iris descended the stairs, resolved to discover the cause of the sudden suspension of events in the lower part of the house.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. VIMPANY'S FAREWELL.

The doctor's wife followed Miss Henley out of the room, as far as the landing—and waited there.

She had her reasons for placing this restraint on herself. The position of the landing concealed her from the view of a person in the hall. If she only listened for the sound of voices she might safely discover whether Lord Harry was, or was not, still in the house. In the first event, it would be easy to interrupt his interview with Iris, before the talk could lead to disclosures which Mrs. Vimpany had every reason to dread. In the second event, there would be no reason to show herself.

Meanwhile, Iris opened the dining-room door and looked in.

Nobody was there. The one other room on the ground floor, situated at the back of the building, was the doctor's consulting-room. She knocked at the door. Mr. Vimpany's voice answered: "Come in." There he was alone, drinking brandy and water, and smoking his big black cigar.

"Where is Lord Harry?" she said.

"In Ireland, I suppose," Mr. Vimpany answered quietly.

Iris wasted no time in making useless inquiries. She closed the door again and left him. He, too, was undoubtedly in the conspiracy to keep her deceived. How had it been done? Where was the wild lord, at that moment?

Whilst she was pursuing these reflections in the hall, Rhoda came up from the servants' tea-table in the kitchen. Her mistress gave her the necessary instructions for packing, and promised to help her before long. Mrs. Vimpany's audacious resolution to dispute the evidence of her own senses still dwelt on Miss Henley's mind. Too angry to think of the embarrassment which an interview with Lord Harry would produce, after they had said their farewell words in Ireland, she was determined to prevent the doctor's wife from speaking to him first, and claiming him as an accomplice in her impudent denial of the truth. If he had been, by any chance, deluded into leaving the house, he would sooner or later discover the trick that had been played on him, and would certainly return. Iris took a chair in the hall.

* * * *

It is due to the doctor to relate that he had indeed justified his wife's confidence in him.

The diamond pin, undergoing valuation in London, still represented a present terror in his mind. The money, the money—he was the most attentive husband in England when he thought of the money! At the time when Lord Harry's carriage stopped at his house door, he was in the dining-room, taking a bottle of brandy from the cellaret in the sideboard. Looking instantly out of the window, he discovered who the visitor was, and decided on consulting his instructions in the pocket-diary. The attempt was rendered useless, as soon as he had opened the book, by the unlucky activity of the servant in answering the door. Her master stopped her in the hall. He was pleasantly conscious of the recovery of his cunning. But his memory (far from active under the most favourable circumstances) was slower than ever at helping him now. On the spur of the moment, he could only call to mind that he had been ordered to prevent a meeting between Lord Harry and Iris. "Show the gentleman into my consulting-room," he said.

Lord Harry found the doctor enthroned on his professional chair, surprised and delighted to see his distinguished friend. The impetuous Irishman at once asked for Miss Henley.

"Gone," Mr. Vimpany answered.

"Gone—where?" the wild lord wanted to know next.

"To London."

"By herself?"

"No; with Mr. Hugh Mountjoy."

Lord Harry seized the doctor by the shoulders, and shook him: "You don't mean to tell me Mountjoy is going to marry her?"

Mr. Vimpany feared nothing but the loss of money. The weaker and the older man of the two, he nevertheless followed the young lord's example, and shook him with right good will. "Let's see how you like it, in your turn," he said. "As for Mountjoy, I don't know whether he is married or single—and don't care."

"The devil take your obstinacy! When did they start?"

"The devil take your questions! They started not long since."

"Might I catch them at the station?"

"Yes; if you go at once."

So the desperate doctor carried out his wife's instructions, without remembering the conditions which had accompanied them.

The way to the station took Lord Harry past the inn. He saw Hugh Mountjoy, through the open house door, paying his bill at the bar. In an instant the carriage was stopped, and the two men (never on friendly terms) were formally bowing to each other.

"I was told I should find you," Lord Harry said, "with Miss Henley, at the station."

"Who gave you your information?"

"Vimpany—the doctor."

"He ought to know that the train isn't due at the station for an hour yet."

"Has the blackguard deceived me? One word more, Mr. Mountjoy. Is Miss Henley at the inn?"

"No."

"Are you going with her to London?"

"I must leave Miss Henley to answer that."

"Where is she, sir?"

"There is an end to everything, my lord, in the world we live in. You have reached the end of my readiness to answer questions."

The Englishman and the Irishman looked at each other. the Anglo-Saxon was impenetrably cool, the Celt was flushed and angry. They might have been on the brink of a quarrel, but for Lord Harry's native quickness of perception, and his exercise of it at that moment. When he had called at Mr. Vimpany's house, and had asked for Iris, the doctor had got rid of him by means of a lie. After this discovery, at what conclusion could he arrive? The doctor was certainly keeping Iris out of his way. Reasoning in this rapid manner, Lord Harry let one offence pass, in his headlong eagerness to resent another. He instantly left Mountjoy. Again, the carriage rattled back along the street; but it was stopped before it reached Mr. Vimpany's door.

Lord Harry knew the people whom he had to deal with, and took measures to approach the house silently, on foot. The coachman received orders to look out for a signal, which should tell him when he was wanted again.

Mr. Vimpany's ears, vigilantly on the watch for suspicious events, detected no sound of carriage-wheels and no noisy use of the knocker. Still on his guard, however, a ring at the house-bell disturbed him in his consulting-room. Peeping into the hall, he saw Iris opening the door to Lord Harry, and stole back to his room. "The devil take her!" he said, alluding to Miss Henley, and thinking of the enviable proprietor of the diamond pin.

At the unexpected appearance of Iris, Lord Harry forgot every consideration which ought to have been present to his mind, at that critical moment.

He advanced to her with both hands held out in cordial greeting. She signed to him contemptuously to stand back—and spoke in tones cautiously lowered, after a glance at the door of the consulting-room. "My only reason for consenting to see you," she said, "is to protect myself from further deception. Your disgraceful conduct is known to me. Go now," she continued, pointing to the stairs, "and consult with your spy, as soon as you like." The Irish lord listened—guiltily conscious of having deserved what she had said to him—without attempting to utter a word in excuse.

Still posted at the head of the stairs, the doctor's wife heard Iris speaking; but the tone was not loud enough to make the words intelligible at that distance, neither was any other voice audible in reply. Vaguely suspicious of some act of domestic treachery, Mrs. Vimpany began to descend the stairs. At the turning which gave her a view of the hall, she stopped; thunderstruck by the discovery of Lord Harry and Miss Henley, together.

The presence of a third person seemed, in some degree, to relieve Lord Harry. He ran upstairs to salute Mrs. Vimpany, and was met again by a cold reception and a hostile look.

Strongly and strangely contrasted, the two confronted each other on the stairs. The faded woman, wan and ghastly under cruel stress of mental suffering, stood face to face with a fine, tall, lithe man, in the prime of his health and strength. Here were the bright blue eyes, the winning smile, and the natural grace of movement, which find their own way to favour in the estimation of the gentler sex. This irreclaimable wanderer among the perilous bye-ways of the earth—christened "Irish blackguard," among respectable members of society, when they spoke of him behind his back—attracted attention, even among the men. Looking at his daring, finely formed face, they noticed (as an exception to a general rule, in these days) the total suppression, by the razor, of whiskers, moustache, and beard. Strangers wondered whether Lord Harry was an actor or a Roman Catholic priest. Among chance acquaintances, those few favourites of Nature who are possessed of active brains guessed that his life of adventure might well have rendered disguise necessary to his safety, in more than one part of the world. Sometimes they boldly put the question to him. The hot temper of an Irishman, in moments of excitement, is not unfrequently a sweet temper in moments of calm. What they called Lord Harry's good-nature owned readily that he had been indebted, on certain occasions, to the protection of a false beard, and perhaps a colouring of his face and hair to match. The same easy disposition now asserted itself under the merciless enmity of Mrs. Vimpany's eyes. "If I have done anything to offend you," he said, with an air of puzzled humility, "I'm sure I am sorry for it. Don't be angry, Arabella, with an old friend. Why won't you shake hands?"

"I have kept your secret, and done your dirty work," Mrs. Vimpany replied. "And what is my reward? Miss Henley can tell you how your Irish blundering has ruined me in a lady's estimation. Shake hands, indeed? You will never shake hands with Me again as long as you live!"

She said those words without looking at him; her eyes were resting on Iris now. From the moment when she had seen the two together, she knew that it was all over; further denial in the face of plain proofs would be useless indeed! Submission was the one alternative left.

"Miss Henley," she said, "if you can feel pity for another woman's sorrow and shame, let me have a last word with you—out of this man's hearing."

There was nothing artificial in her tones or her looks; no acting could have imitated the sad sincerity with which she spoke. Touched by that change, Iris accompanied her as she ascended the stairs. After a little hesitation, Lord Harry followed them. Mrs. Vimpany turned on him when they reached the drawing-room landing. "Must I shut the door in your face?" she asked.

He was as pleasantly patient as ever.

"You needn't take the trouble to do that, my dear; I'll only ask your leave to sit down and wait on the stairs. When you have done with Miss Henley, just call me in. And, by-the-way, don't be alarmed in case of a little noise—say a heavy man tumbling down stairs. If the blackguard it's your misfortune to be married to happens to show himself, I shall be under the necessity of kicking him. That's all."

Mrs. Vimpany closed the door. She spoke to Iris respectfully, as she might have addressed a stranger occupying a higher rank in life than herself.

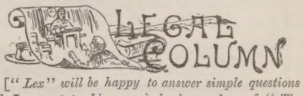
"There is an end, madam, to our short acquaintance; and, as we both know, an end to it for ever. When we first met—let me tell the truth at last!—I felt a malicious pleasure in deceiving you. After that time, I was surprised to find that you grew on my liking. Can you understand the wickedness that tried to resist you? It was useless, your good influence has been too strong for me. Strange, isn't it? I have lived a life of deceit, among bad people. What could you expect of me, after that? I heaped lies on lies—I would have denied that the sun was in the heavens—rather than find myself degraded in your opinion. Well! that is all over—useless, quite useless now. Pray don't mistake me. I am not attempting to excuse myself; a confession was due to you, the confession is made. It is too late to hope that you will forgive me. If you will permit it, I have only one favour to ask. Forget me."

She turned away with a last hopeless look, which said as plainly as if in words: "I am not worth a reply."

Generous Iris insisted on speaking to her.

"I believe you are truly sorry for what you have done," she said, "I can never forget that—I can never forget You." She held out her pitying hand. Mrs Vimpany was too bitterly conscious of the past to touch it. Even a spy is not beneath the universal reach of the heartache. There were tears in the miserable woman's eyes when she had looked her last at Iris Henley.

(To be continued.)



["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper"]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A POOR MAN.—If there were a judgment obtained against you last March in the Manchester Court of Record, it would probably hold good for twenty years, and you can be committed to prison for default in payment of the amount, but only after a "judgment summons," upon the hearing of which you must attend and fully explain your means to the Judge, who always hears these cases in person. You cannot be committed to prison unless the Judge is satisfied that you have or have had the means of paying since the date of the judgment or order for payment. At any time while the judgment is in force an execution can be levied upon your property for the amount of the unpaid balance. You had better agree with your adversary quickly, make him an offer in writing of instalments, however small, which you can pay regularly, and state your means, &c. Keep a copy of the letter, and you can use it if a judgment summons be issued.

GREYBEARD.—You appear to be entitled to six months' notice, ending at Christmas. The usual rule, which has been already stated in one of our articles, is that where a house is let for a year and nothing is said about notice, it is a yearly tenancy, in respect of which there must be six months' notice to quit, expiring at the time of the year when the tenancy commenced.

W. B.—The construction of sewers is entirely in the discretion of the local sanitary authority under the Public Health Act 1875.

OSBELLING.—We cannot express an opinion on Chancery litigation of that character. The custody depends on terms of order, partly. You must have had a solicitor; consult him as to what you are to do.

ADRIAN WALLACE.—The answer to your question depends upon the terms of the deed. But we should think that if the husband has pratically abandoned his visits, and, as you say, does not intend to come again, it would be safe to keep the children at home. Write, however, first to remind him that he has not been to the appointed place, and say that unless you hear from him you propose not to send the children in the future. Keep a copy of the letter. The worst he could do would be to apply to the Court. On any application of that kind your letter would be useful. Of course, if the husband claims to have the children still sent, they must be sent periodically, as agreed.

X. Y. Z.—Your letter hardly gives sufficient information to permit a definite answer to the question. It must depend upon the fact whether there was any agreement as to the time when wages are to be paid, or what was the custom of that part of the country.

B.A.—A creditor can charge interest on a debt if it were so agreed, either verbally or in writing, or if it were the custom of the trade. And if there be no such agreement or custom, and the creditor has given notice that, unless the money due be paid, he will claim interest, the Court may award it to him.

A CONSTANT READER FOR TEN YEARS.—Mortgage deeds are very often not signed by the lenders. You ought to be consulted by your co-trustee when money is to be called in. If your co-executor is solicitor for you and himself, as he naturally would be, of course he might receive the money alone. It sometimes causes inconvenience to be very strict in these matters, but the absolutely safe plan, no doubt, is for the deeds to be deposited in a box at the bank with two separate locks and keys. You should have one key and your co-trustee the other, and you should require money to be paid by debtors on a joint receipt or into a joint account.

AP. G.—(1) The executors should retain or invest the money in their joint names until the little girl attains twenty-one; but the Court of Chancery, or, in some cases, the County Court, can order maintenance allowances, or money to be paid to apprentice the girl to a trade. (2 and 3) The answers to these questions depend upon the terms of the will in the one case, and a lot of other undisclosed circumstances as to the lawsuit in the other, and it is impossible to answer them here. LEX.

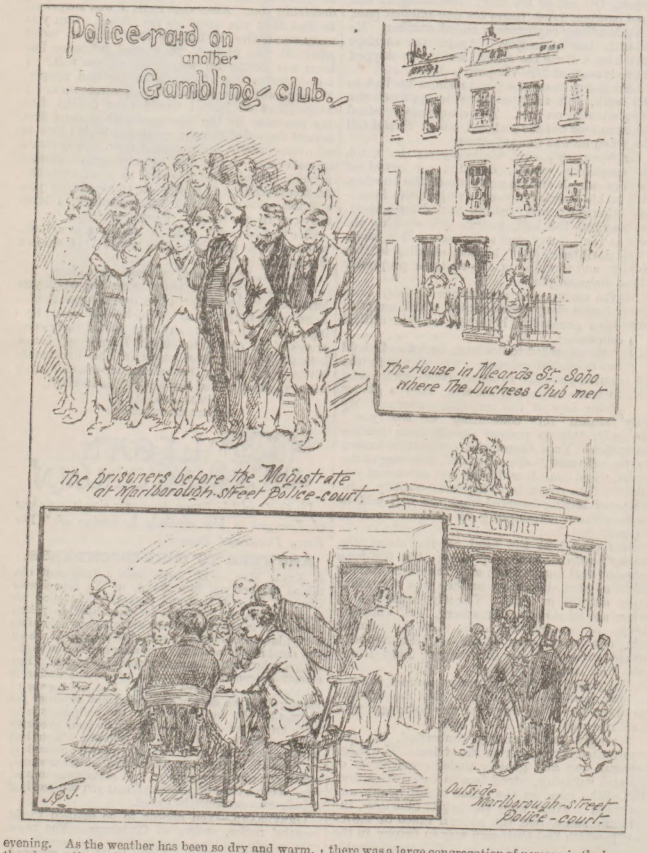
HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN (whom Windsor is glad to welcome back again) much enjoyed the last days of her stay at Balmoral, for the weather has been spring-like and warm to a degree unknown in Scotland for years, and even in Braemar flowers are still blooming as in summer. Her Majesty has made many expeditions during her last week's stay, driving to different points of interest for luncheon and tea, returning late in the evening. As the weather has been so dry and warm, the rheumatism which troubled the Queen has disappeared, and those who see her Majesty say she is looking better than she has done for years.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and family arrived at Charing-cross Station by Royal special train on Monday morning from the Continent.

Mr. Justice Day was knocked down by a cab on Tuesday morning as he was passing along Northumberland-avenue. He was somewhat shaken, but was able to take his seat on the bench at the Parnell Commission. He was apparently suffering much pain, and on the Court rising for luncheon had to be assisted from the bench.

Charles Levi was brought up on Monday at the Marlborough-street Police-Court, charged with keeping a common gaming-house in Soho; and nineteen others, nearly all of them working tailors, were charged with frequenting the place. The police made a raid, last Saturday night, upon the premises, which consisted of two rooms on the ground floor, occupied by Levi and his wife. One apartment was used as a living room, and the other for gaming. The police, having received information, kept watch on the place, and discovered that every Saturday night there was a large congregation of persons in the house. On Saturday night last Mrs. Levi gave an easy opportunity of search by leaving the door open while she became engrossed in a conversation with a neighbour. When the detective officers got inside, a tremendous struggle took place, the number of men found there being more than t ible that of the detectives. A signal, however, was given to Superintendent Hume, and he came up with a body of constables in uniform and secur d them all. The gamblers were workingmen. Levi was summoned for keeping a house for the purpose of playing faro—a game distinctly forbidden by Act of Parliament, under a penalty of £500.



In the early hours of Saturday morning last Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., addressed a meeting of London tram and busmen at the Hatcham Liberal Club, New-cross-road. He expressed sympathy with their movement, and strongly advised them to combine, at the same time exhorting them not to indulge in violence or intimidation. Resolutions demanding a reduction of working hours from sixteen or seventeen to twelve, with two out for meals, were carried.

Mr. Spurgeon, the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, preached on Sunday to a crowded congregation the last sermon that he will deliver before proceeding to his usual winter resort, Mentone.

The Rev. Professor Elmslie, of the Presbyterian College, Queen-square, died on Saturday morning at his residence, Blomfield-road, at the age of forty-one.

The Lord Chief Justice has been confined to his room from a severe cold and sore throat.

M. Ferdinand De Lesseps was eighty-four years of age on Tuesday last.

Bravo! Sir Sydney Waterlow. The gift to London of his Highgate estate of twenty-nine acres is an example which it may be hoped will be followed by wealthy men in less favoured parts of the metropolis. The South and the East and the North-east have all too little of open spaces. The Holloway and Islington district has the two Highgate Woods, Hampstead Heath, and Finsbury Park. However, one cannot have too much of a good thing, and the cheers which greeted Lord Rosebery as he read Sir Sydney Waterlow's letter to the London County Council will be re-echoed from one end of London to the other. The estate is richly wooded and undulating, and possesses the ever-important attraction of water. This is an example which the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Salisbury, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and other large London landowners might well follow with promptitude.

Barnum, says *Vanity Fair*, was told the other day that he had a regular Noah's Ark at Olympia. "Waal," he replied, "Noah's Ark wasn't a bad show in its way: you see there wasn't any competition in those days." The show is now a shilling every day of the week.

Of all the gifts, says the *World*, which the Duchess of Sparta received on her marriage, that of her brother, the Emperor William, was the most splendid, being a diadem and necklace of large turquoises, all selected stones, set in magnificent diamonds. One of the presents of the Empress Frederick was a silver tea-service, which once belonged to Queen Anne, and which, being a perfect specimen of the household plate of that period, is worth more than its weight in gold. The Queen gave a tea-service of rare old Derby blue china, the sugar-basin being of rock crystal.

Apparently, says the *Daily Telegraph*, we have not even yet heard the last of the foolhardy attempts to swim Niagara. A number of persons assembled on Monday at Euston Station to say "Good-bye" to Mr. G. Lambert, a well-known swimmer, who was leaving for America in order to repeat the reckless experiment, which cost Captain Webb his life, of swimming through the rapids. Lambert has already done more than enough in the way of such desperate and useless feats, and won a truly "bubble reputation" by diving from Brooklyn Bridge and the Clifton Suspension Bridge. This contemplated mad freak is for a large wager. Perhaps the best thing that can happen to such a person is that he should be arrested in Canada or in the United States and imprisoned during her Majesty's or the President's pleasure.

LIFE IN LONDON

would be far safer were every architectural and sanitary surveyor thoroughly to do his duty. While hundreds of lives a year continue to be lost through the grossly imperfect drainage of houses—a glaring metropolitan defect which the London County Council ought to make haste to remedy—numbers of casualties still happen through the carelessness of builders. These observations are intended for general application, be it understood, and do not apply to any particular case.

THE FALL OF THE BEEHIVE,

in Coburg-road, Old Kent-road, on Friday evening, Nov 15, should act as a timely warning to residents in tumble-down old buildings The Beehive public-house was situated nearly at the bottom of the street, and for some time it had been in the hands of a local contractor, who was making extensive structural alterations to the frontage. At about half past eight the entire front of the building fell outwards, without the slightest warning, and, alarmed by the loud crash, the tenants of the neighbouring houses rushed out into the street. At the time of the collapse there were in the house Mr and Mrs. Brooks (who were managing the business) and two customers—a Mr. Jackson and a Mr. Newey. All four immediately rushed into the street. A great crowd quickly gathered on the spot. Two police-officers (Sergeant May and Police-Constable 566 P) both live close by, and the former arrived on the scene to find that his little girl had been injured. The police-constable states that the report of the falling building was like a loud clap of thunder. The vicinity of the premises was enshrouded in dust, and a tremendous heap of debris lay piled up in front of the house. At first it was thought that no one was under it, but on the arrival of Inspector Mountfield he at once constituted a rescue party. There was an immense amount of masonry, &c., to overturn, but in about half an hour the bodies of two children—a boy and a girl—were discovered under a girder. The former was quite dead, and the latter was unconscious. The children were brother and sister. The bar was completely wrecked, the result of a portion of the floor above descending on to it, and the wonder is how Mr. and Mrs. Brooks and the customers escaped injury. They were engaged in conversation when the whole front belched forward, carrying with it the scaffolding and the first floor.

THE RACING WORLD

The Late Lord Falmouth.

HISTORY seems almost to be repeating itself when we find Messrs. Tattersall announcing a sale by auction of Lord Falmouth's racehorses and breeding stud. Unhappily, there is a melancholy qualification about the advertisement for December's ca alogue. The lots will not be offered by order of Lord Falmouth, but by order of Lord Falmouth's executors. It remains to be seen whether anything approaching the sensational prices realised when the Cornish noble's great collection of thoroughbreds was dispersed will be brought by the second. Even if equal quality goods were offered, and relatively equal figures were realised, that would not be quite as good a sale, for, without doubt, the price of well-bred stock has advanced greatly since Matthew Dawson's great patron made his voluntary retirement. Stock has

Advanced Forty per Cent.,

and comparison is therefore very difficult to institute. We heard great lamentations after the first sale because most purchasers lost through their investments. Granted they did not see their money back. But then, to a great extent, they were merely buying the tools, which were worth the price if the new owners could use them properly. Skill to turn them to account was not included in the transfer. It is very doubtful whether we shall ever see

Lord Falmouth's Equal

as a scientific breeder. As is well known, he worked on a set scheme he laid out for himself, and was eminently successful through making that his main guide. But that the method was not certain to lead to profit when applied by a less discrim nating selector than his Lordship was soon demonstrated by means of imitators, who made heavy losses. Somehow, the

Lucky Breeder is Born, not Made,

which is to say that in the long-run luck is not of particular consequence. As a rule, we find that the man who scores in dealing with one class of stock does well in any other branch to which he turns attention. Lord Falmouth made a great name through his horned cattle before he laid himself out for racers.

Before seriously attacking the list of probable starters and jockeys for the Manchester November Handicap, and endeavouring to find the winner through weighing-up form, I may as well record how a big bookmaker found one long-shot winner

In a Dream,

or rather series of dreams We have all heard of Mr. Robert Lee—"Bob" Lee, as he is called half the world over A few years ago Chevalier Ginestrelli, owner of Signorina, had a horse, Raffaello, engaged in this race. Before the Lewes Autumn Meeting of that year Mr Lee dreamed that Raffaello won the Manchester November Handicap, and that directly after the horses passed the post his clerk came up and said, "Raffaello's won, sir." Raffaello happened to get beaten at Lewes, and the dreamer lost faith in the tip, yet on the first day of Manchester November Meeting his dream repeated itself, even to the clerk's little speech. On the strength of this second dream he took a thousand to twenty Raffaello On the eve of the race he

Dreamt a Third Time

that Raffaello won, and next day tried all he could to persuade friends to stand on the horse. before the start any price almost could be had, but all the same the Italian sportsman's dead outsider won, and directly after the race the clerk did come up and say, "Raffaello's won, sir" Let us hope that the 1889 November Handicap at Manchester may be run in better weather than was Chevalier Ginestrelli's. We shall probably get a very big field. Clayton landed last year, but with far less weight than he has now.

Goldseeker's Day Will Come;

but when? Next spring, probably. Amphion may or may not stay the course. Rêve d'Or showed almost a return to ' old form in the Liverpool Cup. Mill Stream ran well in the Cesarewitch Mr Vagle, who owns her, had a great deal to do with getting up the objection to Primrose Day for the Cesarewitch, and would have won a lot of money had she gained a place. Ashplant is a cripple, but good if caught at the right time Rigmaster would hold a three to one chance if the handicap were on a stone lighter scale. Wishing Gate may find the course a little too far. Vasistas will be suited better at this distance than in the Cesarewitch. Grafton, who is a doubtful starter, did better at Newmarket than was generally supposed. Netheravon has hardly speed enough. Fallow Chat will scarcely be preferred to Redsand at the weights. Phil is an uncertain beast.

Lady Rosebery is the Pick of the Handicap,

now that we know she is all right in the money market. Father Confessor cannot beat her. Next to Lady Rosebery

I Like Nappa.

Kenilworth is an impostor, who has frequently been foisted on the public as a good well-trained horse

when it was well known that he could not win. Tommy Tittlemouse must ere this be sick and tired of the whole business of training and racing. Latania, like Netheravon, may effect a surprise. Crimea will be well backed by the public at the finish if Mr. John Hammond puts the money down. Evergreen has a chance. I shall trust to

Lady Rosebery or Nappa

to pull me through, and take Redsand and Mercy as next most likely to trouble the judge.

Some money has been sent here to

Back the Australian Colts

for our Derby. So long as they keep well there is sure to be a run of commissions from the Antipodes, for the Colonials are all sportsmen who will be on their own horses no matter what price is to be had. Some of the Newmarket critics do not fancy these youngsters' action, which they declare is

High and Fighting.

These may be in the right, but I do not suppose it will matter much what their action is so long as it gets them along fast enough. Their owner, the Hon. James White, will, I hear, be in the Old Country before the spring. Perhaps another visit to England will improve his health, which of late has been very indifferent.

The flat-race season dies very hard. Warwick never has particularly great attractions. Sport at that old-established but recently greatly revised establishment is always too much of a scramble for most people. This week it has been more scrambly than ever. Still, the attendance was above average. While Warwick was liberally patronised, the opening days of Manchester, the final dat-mce meeting of the year, came out even better. As readers know, what is called illegitimate racing begins before the Jockey Club's has finished. So far we have had very little of the G.N.H. sort, but enough to show that

Very First-Class Recruits

have been enrolled in the regiment of hurdle-racers. Alba appears to be a smasher. She is in a stable likely to make the most of her.

In the Queen's Bench Division, the action for libel brought by Mrs. Annie Besant against the Rev. F. Hoskyns, Vicar of Stepney, concluded on Nov. 15, after a summing-up by Mr. Baron Huddleston. The jury retired, and were absent for more than two hours, but were unable to agree, and were eventually discharged.

An Alarming Accident occurred shortly after nine o'clock on Nov. 15 between St. Paul's and Blackfriars Stations on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway through an engine which was being shunted coming into collision with the engine of a passenger train from Greenwich. The latter engine was turned over, and several of the carriages, filled with business men on their way to the City, left the metals. Happily no lives were lost.

To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[Advt.]

10,000 Agents for the Country Post Order Department wanted, who are capable of taking measurements for coats, vests, and trousers. A good commission paid for simply filling up measurement-forms for a large high-class London house. Apply to "Manager," care of R. F. White and Son, Advertising Agents, 33, Fleet-st., E.C.—[Advt.]

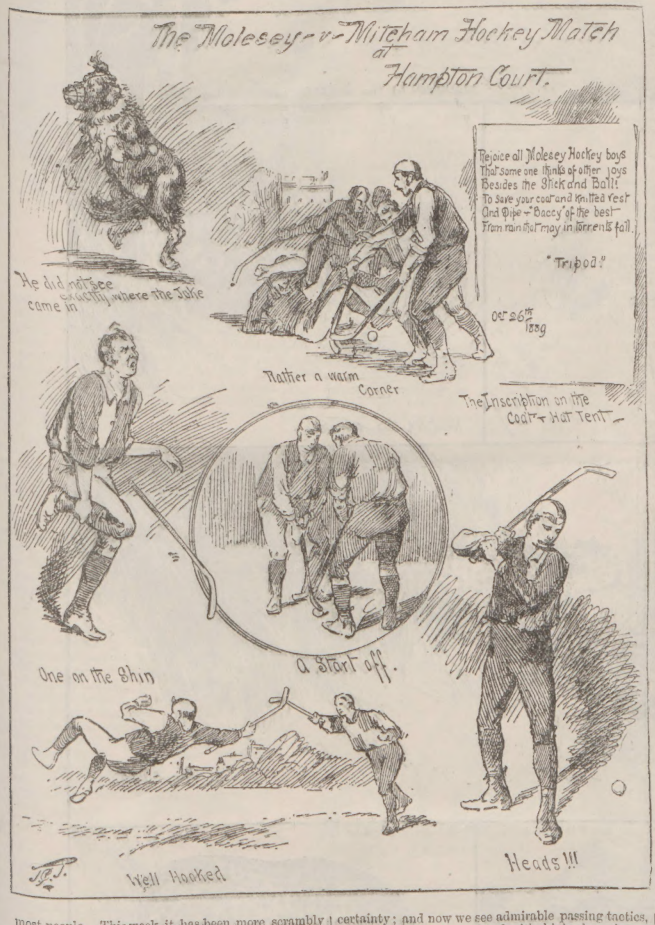
THE WORLD OF PASTIME

Hockey,

as one may learn by reference to *The Field* and other sporting papers, is a game that is making much progress. It is a game which most of us learn in a desultory way at school, where no particular science is exhibited and no very stringent rules imposed. Latterly, however, the skill displayed by some teams has shown that there is more in the game than a mere schoolboy's knockabout pastime, indulged in chiefly in the Lent term, when football is voted stale and cricket still in the future. The formation of a

Hockey Association

has, no doubt, done much to foster the game by codifying the rules, many of which are vast improvements on the unwritten ones here and there observed. For instance, the ball was formally of india-rubber, usually very misshapen, with which it was impossible to play a precise game. Now a cricket-ball painted white is *de rigûr*. The sticks, too, have undergone a vast improvement. Instead of the rough-and-ready article which, in autumn, would do good service as a blackberrying stick, we have now a finished implement, with a flat side not exceeding two and a half inches, that enables anyone possessed of the requisite skill to play the ball with



Never been Beaten,

two drawn matches being the nearest approach to defeat they have experienced. This success is due to all-round excellence, speed in the forwards and safety in the back division. Indeed, so extraordinarily good are their backs that they are able to play without a regular goal-keeper glued in goal all the match, one of them going into that position when the ball comes within goal-getting range. This is, of course, an immense advantage, as they are all the while playing a man more in the field than their opponents. In M. M. Barker and A. Giffard Molesey have perhaps the two best forwards playing the game.

Our Sketches are of the match played on Saturday, on Hampton Court Green, between Molesey and Mitcham. The latter are described as a "rising club," but they were no match whatever for the home club, who scored goal after goal, Giffard being to the fore in this department, and won very easily. There is plenty of incident in a well-played game, and in matches of every calibre all manner of unexpected *contretemps* occur, as will be seen from our Sketches. But it is, happily, a game very free from fouls and consequent disputes, and being played by a good set of people, and no unhealthy rivalry being excited by challenge cups, its pursuit is agreeable to all concerned.

Surbiton are considered the chief rivals to Molesey, and these clubs meet this (Saturday) afternoon at Surbiton.

The success, beyond that of curiosity, achieved by the team of

Baseball

players who came from America in the spring and played in England was not so great as to lead one to suppose that the game would take root here. Nor, so far, has it done so; but strenuous attempts are still being made, and by Englishmen too, to establish clubs and give the game a fair start. The National Baseball Association is already an accomplished fact, and Mr. M. P. Betts is its honorary secretary. Mr. Betts is an old footballer, and also a person well acquainted with cricket; and he appears to have seen that, while baseball cannot hope to be popular with cricketers, footballers, with no great reverence for cricket, may become amenable. The element of clowning, too, is foreign to the traditions of our principal cricketers; but footballers, who are accustomed to rolling and being rolled about in the mud, and performing semi-acrobatic feats with their feet and heads, are likely to take more kindly to it. I allude more particularly to the Association players of the North and Midland counties, who, it appears, are being urged to take the game up. If they can learn to play a good game, and the public take to it, why, so much the better. It is not because we

Prefer Cricket to Baseball

that the American game is not a good one. Plenty of people—many thousands—in England care nothing for cricket, and these may like baseball. Perhaps professional footballers will see their way to make the game pay, and take it up as a business. American instructors are to come over in the spring and give lessons, so it is clear that "business only is meant."

The Corinthians

Football Club is a splendid organisation, and is the only Southern amateur combination that has ever fairly tackled the Preston North Enders. The "in and out" form of this latter club in its matches this season, in the Football League Competition, has much perplexed London footballers, who were very glad to have so fine an opportunity of judging as to what was wrong as was afforded on Monday, when the club met the Corinthians at Richmond, Surrey. Play had not advanced very far before it was seen that the cause of the defeats which had lately been pretty freely administered to the crack Preston Club was a decided deterioration of form. Good as the Corinthians are, it is highly improbable that they would be able to score so signal a victory as they did on Monday had the North End eleven been in last year's form. Five goals to none is a very heavy reckoning. What Preston North End want is new blood.

The Football League

matches continue to supply surprises. Last Saturday Aston Villa got themselves beaten by the Bolton Wanderers, by two goals to none; but Preston North End made no mistake with Everton, whom they defeated by five goals to one. The Cambridge University Eleven did well to beat Chatham by two goals to none, for Chatham are strong. The Light Blue Rugby team also did well, defeating Richmond by a goal and a try to nothing; but Blackheath beat the powerful Oxford University fifteen by a dropped goal to nothing.

Some people refer to a

Dropped Goal

as if it were a misfortune rather than the perfection of football. So many Rugby footballers have been bred in the belief that the regulation way of scoring a goal is to get a try first that they almost regard the obtaining of the point by a drop from the field as an illegitimate proceeding. Genuine "Ruggers" will, of course, scoff at this; but that my inference is a correct one is proved by the action of that unsatisfactory, because incomplete, body, the

International Board.

After setting its face against scoring by points, this institution at last gives way, but shows its utter independence of England—which does not belong to the Board—by causing its method of scoring to differ. Four points are given for a goal "placed" from a try; but a goal dropped from the field counts only three points. As the National Board repres nts Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, there must be a large number of players who set a low value upon a dropped goal.

The chief event in connection with billiards has been the making of a spot-barred break by Peall of 429. Peall and Taylor may now fairly be considered to rank together next to the champion at the spot-barred game.

BANSHEE.

Mr. Arthur Tempest Pollard, M.A., Vice-Master of the Manchester Grammar School, has been elected Head-Master of the City of London School, in succession to Dr. Abbott, resigned.

The Christmas Number of "Mrs. Leach's Family Dressmaker" contains an Extra Coloured Supplement of Fancy Costumes and Hints for Christmas Parties, Cookery, Toilet, and useful Information. Price 2d.—A lady, writing on dressmaking, says: "I am now my own dressmaker, thanks to the dressmaking lessons in Mrs. Leach's books." Also "Mrs. Leach's Children's Dressmaker," which contains illustrations for girls and young ladies of all ages, with a paper pattern and full instructions for making plain and fancy costumes. Price 1d. All newsagents. The two books, post-free, five stamps. Mrs. Leach, 8, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London.—Advt.

CONSTIPATION:

HOW IT MAY BE REMEDIED.

A FREE TEST.

CONSTIPATION may arise as a consequence of a sedentary occupation in life; from want of proper physical exercise out of working hours; as a consequence of the presence of some other disease; from inaction or sluggishness of the liver; or as the result of injudicious diet. Perhaps, however, the most frequent cause is the resistance offered to the calls of Nature from circumstances which prevent obedience at the proper time. The putting off until a more convenient season of an absolutely necessary function usually results in the fact that when the convenient period has arrived the desire has passed away. So are the seeds of Constipation sown.

The Constipation being thus established, recourse is then too frequently had to harsh purgative pills, which, because of their obvious powerful action, defy any delay to a more convenient season. By such means as this, Constipation, that by proper treatment would be but temporary, becomes chronic, as a consequence of the reaction following the use of drastic pills. And the harm does not end here. Purgatives destroy the mucous coats of the stomach and bowels, and expose the tender surfaces beneath them to the consequent friction and irritation of harsh masses, by which ulceration, tumours, internal hemorrhages, and other evils are induced. Cancers and tumours in the stomach or bowels are often set up from no other cause than the foregoing.

Another great hurt caused is a congestion of impure venous blood, creating bleeding piles; or a decomposition of blood takes place, causing small tumours, exquisitely sensitive to pain, known as blind piles. These, moreover, are frequently accompanied, after what should properly be a natural and easy function, with an occasional decrepit sensation of weakness, which, while it lasts, is simply horrible from its deathly faintness.

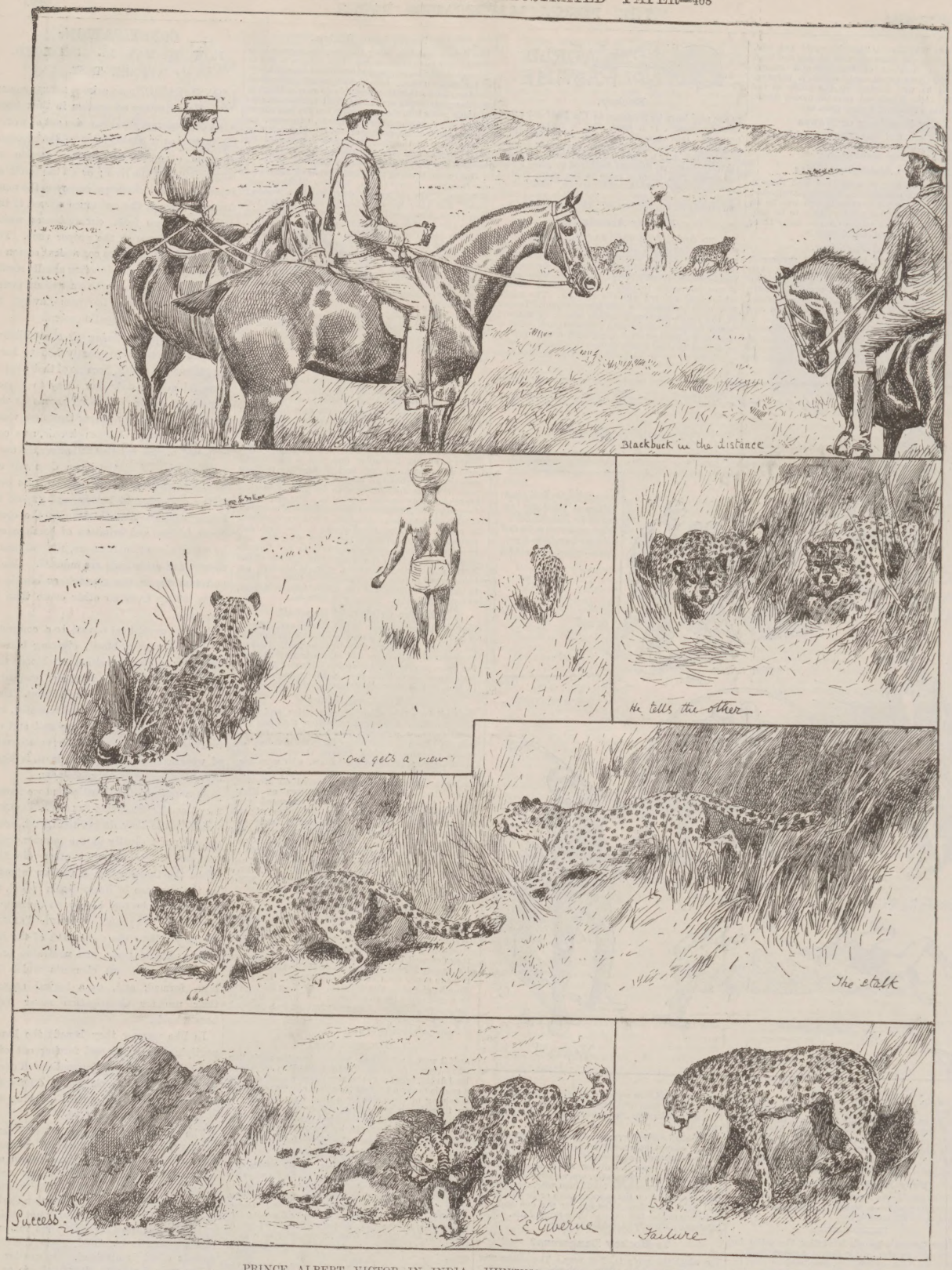
As a remedy for Constipation we strongly recommend "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," which, while they do positive good, not too quickly nor violently in the manner desired, yet can do no hurt in other directions. When the Constipation is further intensified by the presence of hemorrhoids (piles), then it is impossible too highly to overrate the merits of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," for they relieve the congestion of the blood at the affected parts, and neutralise or dissolve the poisonous elements which have been formed, and, as a logical sequence, their use for Constipation never induces hemorrhoids.

In like manner they benefit the liver by purifying the blood and forcing out of the body through the skin impurities and decayed waste products, which would otherwise be thrown on to the liver, thus clogging it and rendering its action sluggish.

The beneficent efficacy of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" is thus not confined to their curative effect on Constipation alone, but extends much further. They may be defined as a gentle laxative, with undeniable purifying and curative properties on the blood and skin. Thus one function is not remedied at the expense of another, but rather the whole sytem is benefited, while the desired specific effect is attained. In smaller doses "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are as suitable and harmless for children as they are for adults of either sex, and children like them because of their pleasant taste and attractive appearance. They can do no harm to the weakest or most delicate constitutions. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are put up in packets price 1s. 1½d., post-free, 1s. 3d.—Sole Proprietors, FRAZER and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, who will send

SAMPLES GRATIS AND POST-FREE

to those who, not having seen the Tablets, will write for them. Name the "Penny Illustrated Paper."—[Advt.]



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA: HUNTING WITH THE CHEETAH.

We are glad to hear that the Prince of Wales's elder son, Prince Albert Victor, has experienced a cordial welcome in India, and has enjoyed good sport of the exciting and novel nature his illustrious father took deep interest in. The young Prince, greeted enthusiastically on his arrival in Bombay, had the signal advantage of beginning his Indian tour under the auspices of his uncle, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. His Royal Highness met with a particularly loyal reception on Nov. 15 from the Nizam of Hyderabad, who had arranged for the Prince a cheetah-hunt, followed by some buck and snipe shooting.

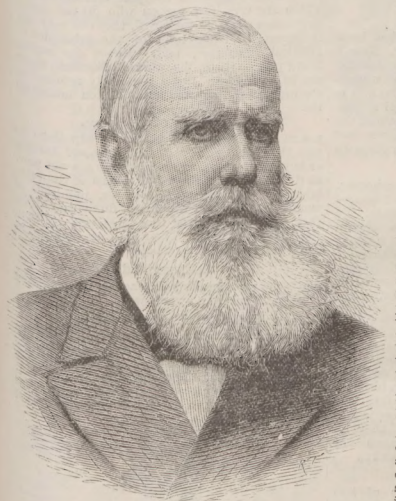
We present a few Sketches of the Indian sport with which Prince Albert Victor has just made acquaintance, and it may be opportune to add the Artist's account of hunting with the species of tame leopards called cheetahs:—

"We were staying with the Maharajah of Dhar, and one day he said we should see a cheetah-hunt: so we started on horseback about four o'clock in the afternoon. The cheetahs looked lovely, and seemed quite tame, following the shikaris like dogs. We went about five miles over very bad ground, and it was exceedingly hot. At last, to our delight, we saw a herd of deer about a mile off, and we at once stopped, while the shikari went forward with two cheetahs. Presently, one of the cheetahs stood still, peered about and lay down, slowly whisking his tail from side to side. The men said, 'He has seen the deer.' Soon he got up again, and went after his companion, and seemed to communicate to him that deer were in sight. Then they both lay down at once. After a little time they got up, and began stalking the deer through the grass. It was difficult to distinguish the cheetahs, as they were much the same colour as the ground. Presently, the deer became aware something was up, and stopped and looked about; then, suddenly, they all got together, and began trotting off, followed at once by the cheetahs, who, although far behind, gained ground at every stride, and we could see they had each singled out a blackbuck, taking no notice of the rest of the herd tearing off in all directions. Luckily they came towards us, and we saw one cheetah give a high spring, about fifteen yards, and seize his buck by the throat and roll it over.

"We did not look any more: we knew nothing would induce the cheetah to leave his prey till the buck's throat was cut and the animal enticed away with a ladleful of blood. The other cheetah, having missed when he sprang, gave up the chase and came straight back to his master with his tail between his legs. We were very lucky to see the hunt, for I find many old Indians have never had the good fortune to witness one, and the Maharajah seldom allows his cheetahs to indulge in this sport."

DOM PEDRO AND THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

We should think the enlightened and humane Monarch who ruled over Brazil till last week—the model Sovereign whom we have the pleasure to portray—is mightily glad to be freed from the carking cares and responsibilities of a ruling Monarch. The first sign of the insurrection in Rio de Janeiro, it appears, was the action of a



THE EX-EMPEROR OF BRAZIL,
DEPOSED BY THE BRAZILIAN REPUBLIC.

small body of soldiers, who fired three shots at Baron De Ladario, the Minister of Marine, who fell seriously wounded. It was not known at first whether the movement was a mere revolt or a grave revolution with political objects, but by the afternoon it became clear that nothing less than the overthrow of the Imperial Government and the proclamation of a Republic was aimed at. The Emperor's Ministry, finding that the Army supported the revolution, resigned, and a Provisional Government was established. General Deodoro da Fonseca, who not long ago had to undergo some disciplinary measures for insubordination, and was sent to take the provincial command of Minas Girdes, is the principal figure in the new Government. Of the members of the Republican Ministry, Senhor Bocayuva, the Foreign Minister, is a journalist; Dr. Barcoza is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, which has been dissolved; and M. Constant is a professor of the Polytechnic School at Rio de Janeiro, and also a democratic journalist.

* * * * *

The Emperor of Brazil wisely acquiesced in his deposal, and accepted as compensation for loss of his high office a payment in cash of two and a half million dollars, and promise of an annual pension of 450,000 dollars. A new flag has been designed, which is to be known henceforth as the ensign of the United States of Brazil. It bears on one part alternate stripes of green and gold, and for the rest a blue field on which are studded nineteen golden stars. This banner has been hoisted in every province and has been duly recognised. The revolution has been accomplished without bloodshed, with the exception of the shooting of Baron De Ladario, Minister of Marine, who is in a fair way of recovery from his wounds.

* * * * *

The deposed Emperor left Rio de Janeiro for Europe on Sunday. Dom Pedro II. was born at that port in 1825. He is the son of Dom Pedro I., who put himself at the head of the movement of national independence, and gave Brazil a definite position among the States of the world. Dom Pedro, in his turn, is a member of that great Portuguese Royal family of Braganza which had taken refuge in Brazil early in the present century on the advance of the French towards Lisbon. He was left behind as Regent in 1821, when the fugitive King returned to his European dominions, and he was summoned by the Portuguese Cortes to follow the King's example. He preferred a throne of his own, and he cast in his lot with the Brazilians. This happened in 1824; in 1825—which was the date of his son's birth—Portugal acknowledged the independence of her old colony.

The father abdicated in 1831, and his little boy began to reign at the age of five years and a few months, with a Council of Regency to help him. At fifteen he was declared of full age, and began to reign in real earnest. He was therefore quite an old and a seasoned Monarch when, at eighteen, he married a Princess of the House of Naples. He is an accomplished and even a learned Prince: he can be eloquent in seven languages, and silent in three more. He loves literature, and knows a good deal of science, especially of astronomy. He has consequently been able to give his huge undeveloped country, with its semi-barbarous population, exactly what it wanted—a liberal patronage of all the peaceful arts. This, however, did not make him indifferent to the others.

The ex-Emperor of Brazil had enlarged his boundaries by foreign war, and he was a member of the league against the terrible Lopez, which proved the ruin both of Lopez and Paraguay. Lopez was a kind of Napoleon of South America, and nothing less than an alliance of Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic sufficed to put him down. He was hunted at last like a wild beast, and he saw his sons die around him before he fell. Dom Pedro had a slight difference with this country in 1862, and it was settled in his favour by the arbitration of the King of the Belgians. He has no taste for war, and the great objects of his reign have been the commercial and industrial development of his country and the abolition of slavery. His success in this last undertaking must give him an important place in history. He promoted a scheme of gradual abolition, which has entirely answered its purpose, and which—should it not be interfered with by the Republican Government that has been formed—it is hoped by the year 1892 will leave not a single slave in Brazil.

BOXING

seems to be growing in popularity in town. Witness the large assemblage drawn together by the short and sharp combat between Jem Smith and Peter Jackson for £1000 at the new Pelican Club, where the smart young negro pugilist was an easy victor in two rounds, according to the undisputed dictum of the referee, Mr. George H. Vize. These two boxers have since been engaged to box on the stage of the Westminster Aquarium, where they have attracted hosts of sightseers interested in the "noble art of self-defence." Our Artist sketched the pair at the outset of their sets-to at the Aquarium, and his Drawing conveys a fair idea of the lissom, muscular figure of the skilful black, who stands over six feet in height, and also of the solid and more heavily built Englishman. Last Saturday's contest may be particularised. During the first round it was obvious that Jackson, apart from the advantage of his commanding stature, was far the more finished boxer of the two, and held Smith completely at his mercy. In the second round the exhibition was a little better, and shouts of encouragement to Smith were heard from various parts of the building. The third round had, at the outset, something of an appearance of earnestness, but, after getting into very close quarters and interchanging some tolerably vigorous blows, the men broke away from one another. Jackson and Smith were evidently both desirous to avoid being drawn into a conflict of temper.

MDLLE. ALPHONSINE'S FALL

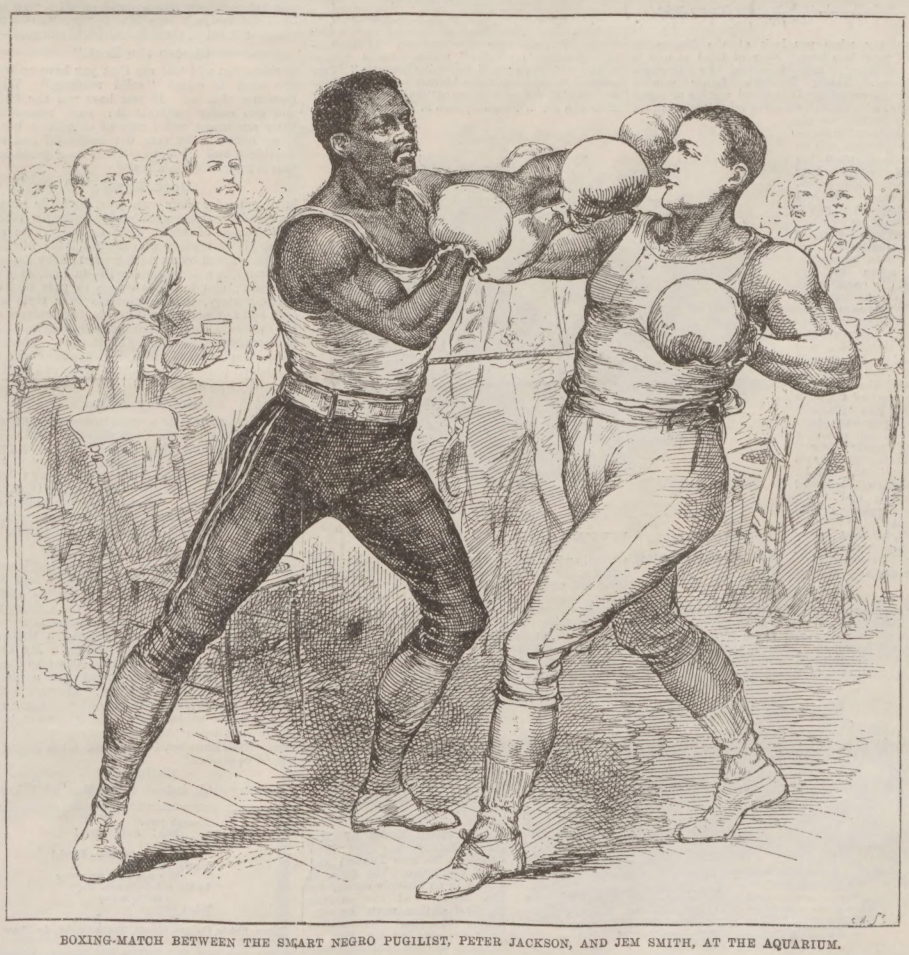
at the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties should stimulate all music-hall proprietors immediately to spread nets to catch such daring performers in the event of an accident happening. This precaution is observed at Barnum's Show and many other well-regulated places of amusement, such as the Oxford; and no doubt the Canterbury Management will neglect no safeguard in future. It was a serious misadventure which befell the female acrobat in question on the night of Nov. 15. For some nights Mdlle. Alphonsine, the spiral ascensionist, had been giving her performances with varying success. A portion of her entertainment consisted in propelling a large ball, on which she stood, to the summit of a narrow winding platform, which rose to a considerable height. On the occasion illustrated the poor woman slipped and fell on the iron supports. These she attempted to cling to, but lost her hold and fell heavily on to the stalls beneath on her back. There was immediately a rush, and she was at once taken behind the scenes. She was placed in a cab and taken to St. Thomas's Hospital, where it was found that, in addition to other injuries, she had broken her arm. She was attended to by the resident surgeon, and after the arm had been set was able to be conveyed to her own residence.

THE LOVERS' LAST WALK.

GREAT excitement was caused in Clitheroe on Sunday last by the discovery of the bodies of two lovers at the foot of a lofty rock in the neighbourhood of the town. They were Eliza Hayward, thirty years of age, cook in the service of Mr. R. Briggs of Bankfield House, and Arthur Southworth, aged nineteen, a carter, son of Henry Southworth, general dealer, Taylor-street, Clitheroe. On leaving the railway station (whither Eliza Hayward strolled to meet the housemaid), the lovers went together for a walk, and they were not again seen alive. Their bodies were discovered at a quarter past ten o'clock on Sunday morning, lying side by side, at the foot of an overhanging rock in Salthill Quarries. The man's skull was fractured, but the woman's body was still warm, showing that she could not have been long dead. The rock from which they fell is about 70 ft. in height, and for nearly 60 ft. the descent is perpendicular. The place is a very secluded one. It is supposed that, as the couple were not more than 500 yards from Bankfield House, they were taking the nearest cut for home, and unsuspectingly stepped over the edge of the rock, which is not guarded in any way.

At the Mansion House, on the 15th inst., Charles Knight, a grocer, was fined £5 for having a loaded revolver in his possession in a first-class carriage on the District Railway between the Mansion House and Blackfriars stations. Two shots were heard by passengers, and, on information being given to the railway officials, the defendant was found alone in a first-class carriage with blood on his hand. The revolver was taken from his pocket.

At Newport (Mon.), on Saturday, a man named Jacob Manship, a boatman, shot his wife dead in a fit of jealousy, and then cut his own throat in so determined a manner that he died a few hours afterwards in the Infirmary, whither he had been conveyed in the meantime. The couple are described as quiet, orderly people, and had lived happily together until the advent of a lodger named Davies. The husband grew suspicious of his wife being unduly familiar with this man, and a quarrel, overheard by the next-door neighbours, ensued. The wife denied the accusation, and said that for the sake of peace she would give the lodger notice to leave. This she did, but the husband became suspicious that they had stolen meetings, and hence the catastrophe.



BOXING-MATCH BETWEEN THE SMART NEGRO PUGILIST, PETER JACKSON, AND JEM SMITH, AT THE AQUARIUM.

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

Thomas Bewick.

ONE of the most attractive books that I have read for a long time is Mr. Austin Dobson's "Thomas Bewick" (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), which has just reached a second edition. Bewick's place in the history of wood-engraving is so important that one may well spare a few hours from other books to study the life of such a man, especially when it is written by so gifted a literary artist as Mr. Austin Dobson.

Bewick's Birthplace.

Bewick was born at Cherryburn House, in the parish of Ovingham, Northumberland, in August 1753. The old cottage now only exists in part, and that part is now, his biographer tells us, used as a cowshed. Yet it is very picturesque, as

BUST OF BEWICK,

By E. H. Baily, R.A., in the Newcastle Literary Society's Library.

you will say when you look at the illustration which I reproduce here. Near at hand is now a larger dwelling, still inhabited by Bewick's grandnieces. Young Bewick's father was a farmer. He experienced the usual routine of cheap schooling, with the full record of mischievous pranks such as pertain to his age. His taste for drawing was intuitive, and he cultivated it upon the grave-stones and the floor of the church porch. Later came pen and pencil, and he was happy. At fourteen he was apprenticed to a Newcastle engraver, whom he served seven years, obtaining, even before he was twenty, considerable fame as a workman though little as an artist. In 1776 he went to London, but soon wearied of the metropolis, and returned to his beloved Tyneside. In 1786 he married Miss Isabella Elliot, "one of the little girls he had 'plagued' in his unregenerate boyhood." Then came a time of productiveness. He illustrated Gay's "Fables," the Bible, and, above all, books of quadrupeds and birds. The first volume of the "Birds" ("Land-birds"), his most famous book, was published in 1797. It contained one hundred and seventeen birds and ninety-one tailpieces.

The Tawny Owl.

The second volume ("Water-birds") appeared in 1804. These books are now of enormous value. I have spoken of his tailpieces. Some of these are very quaint and humorous. Here is a somewhat brutal one of a blacksmith looking on in evident enjoyment at a dog to the tail of which some boys have tied a pan. Bewick's workshop, in St. Nicholas's Churchyard, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is still a place which all visitors desire to see. The famous engraver died in 1828.

TAILPIECE FROM THE "WATER-BIRDS."

THE TAWNY OWL.

Goethe's "Faust."

I wrote last week of Lessing and his importance in the beginning of German literature. The greatest outcome of Lessing's work is, perhaps, Goethe's "Faust," of which a most beautiful edition of Bayard Taylor's translation has just reached me. It is published by Messrs. Ward and Lock in their admirable "Minerva Library," and is a marvellous example, both in print and paper, of what can be done now-a-days for two shillings. Although there have been more than a hundred translations of "Faust," Taylor's is without doubt the best; and, were it not so, the notes are in themselves of the utmost value even to those who can read Goethe in the original. All of us know the first part of "Faust," with its exquisite lyrics, its marvellous power and pathos; but to many the second part is a bewildering riddle, which even Carlyle and G. H. Lewes's elucidations have not made quite clear to the average English mind. Now, the late Bayard Taylor believed that this second part is to the first what Dante's "Paradiso" is to the "Inferno" and "Purgatorio." And if anything can make it plain it will be his copious notes, which are here given complete for the first time in a cheap form.

Heinrich Zschokke.

While I am on German literature let me say a word about a very pretty book of German tales which Messrs. Putnam Sons have sent me. It is Heinrich Zschökke's "Tales," which form a volume of the half-crown "Knickerbocker Nuggets." Very precious, indeed, are these literary nuggets, perhaps most so of all the two volumes of "Gulliver's Travels." Zschökke was a Prussian, born in Magdeburg (1774-1848), and he wrote some fifty stories, of which only four are here given, all of them exceedingly interesting and clever. One of them, called "New Year's Eve," treats of a watchman who is guarding the snowy streets of a German city, when he is accosted by a stranger in mask and gay attire. The stranger is a Prince on the spree, and Prince and watchman change their garments. The watchman walks to the palace, where there is a masquerade ball. For an hour the simple fellow finds himself in a new world of intrigue, and is overwhelmed by the love-scrapes and wild pranks and misdemeanours of the Prince. But, although simple, he is no simpleton, and his behaviour under trying circumstances ultimately brings him the best of good fortune. But you must read Heinrich Zschökke's stories for yourself.—TATLER.

BEWICK'S BIRTHPLACE.

A Portrait-Model of Mr. John Burns has just been added to Madame Tussaud and Sons' Exhibition. The figure is placed in an attitude chosen by Mr. Burns, and has on the identical clothes worn by him during the great Dock strike. It is executed by Mr. John T. Tussaud, and is considered a very faithful likeness.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THERE is so much being written and said just now about the position women have taken, and may take, in the world, that I should like to have a little talk with you about your favourite occupations. I very often come across women, married as well as single, who become

Dull, Bored, and Cross

as soon as some festivity to which they had been looking forward and preparing was over. Now, I maintain that there must have been something radically wrong in the bringing-up of any woman who looks upon life as not worth living if it is not perpetually being fed with artificial stimulants, such as dinners, dances, theatres, and the like. It is a very curious and significant fact that so many married couples have lately given up

Keeping House,

as it is called, and are living in boarding-houses, simply because the wife knew nothing of housekeeping or the management of servants. Of course, in the case of very large families such an arrangement is simply impossible; but, if there are only two, or even three, little ones, they are sent to preparatory schools, and, of course, brought up without home influence of any kind. I have said more than once already, so I need not dwell upon the subject again, that

Marriage

is about the only thing for which girls are *not* educated. They study for the medical profession; they qualify themselves for nursing; they study art in all its branches—literature and dressmaking they very often take to in the same happy-go-lucky fashion that they do marriage—but bookkeeping and even shorthand they do not disdain, while dancing is thought more of than such a commonplace accomplishment as

Spelling.

But marriage! the lifelong happiness of two people—that is a matter of no moment: why waste time in preparing for it? I should like seriously to ask those women who are bored, and cross, and miserable if they are not being perpetually amused, what they mean to do when they grow old and cannot amuse themselves any more? You cannot possibly live upon the memory of the

Dinners and Dances

of the past. No, you must have something more solid than the dim remembrances of dead-and-gone festivities to rest upon. You must cultivate a taste for reading, but, if your favourite mental food consists of "penny dreadfuls" and "shilling shockers," you will be almost worse off than if you did not know how to read at all. "In the choice of books," says Mr. Hardy, "as in the choice of friends, there is really but one rule—

Choose the Best."

Perhaps you will tell me that you have no taste for what is called "solid reading." What nonsense that is! If you have not the taste, you can easily cultivate it; and, remember, there are heaps and heaps of delightful books lying between the very dry and solid and the worthless and frivolous. There is a great deal that is instructive in a really

Good Novel;

but I wish, for their own sake, that the people who read for amusement among us had a better appreciation of really good style. There are hundreds of readers who do not know whether a book, written by an author whom they happen to admire, is well written or ill—in fact, they do not care; and hence it comes to pass that an exciting story, written perhaps in a style not only bad but positively illiterate, is circulated by the thousand, and the publishers hasten to bring out another because they find it pays. There is an accomplishment which I wish girls could be persuaded to cultivate a little more, and that is the really fine art of

Reading Aloud

well. But, as not one woman in every ten speaks properly, how can she be expected to read? As a rule they gabble, they do not talk; they pronounce their words imperfectly; they never dream of giving each syllable its proper value; and yet many girls are taught what is called elocution at school. That is, they are taught by a professional elocutionist to repeat certain poems to be recited at the giving of prizes.

Certain Tricks of Manner

are learned by the pupil just as a parrot learns, but the ordinary everyday speech is left untouched, and the ears of some of us suffer accordingly. And how some of the singing we hear in drawing-rooms from amateurs is ruined by hideous articulation! Imagine a pathetic ballad given in a cockney twang! My dear girls, I have no doubt you take pains to dance well: do, I entreat of you, cultivate a pretty accent and distinct enunciation. They are really more attractive than a pretty face. There are several other subjects I should like to discuss, but I must leave them for another week. Not next week, however, for I think I am going to have a chat about

Children.

I am very glad, indeed, to see that while I was writing last week about the landlords who screw large rents out of poor people for miserable rooms in rotten houses, steps were being taken to put an end to such a shameful state of things; and nearly, if not quite, a hundred of these wretched and unhealthy tenements have been condemned. I am also glad that this good work was partly set on foot by a woman—

The Hon. Mrs. Jeune.

She is a good friend to the poor and oppressed. There are very few women who do not detest oppression; but, in their zeal, they are very apt to ignore, or make light of, the principles of Political Economy, and, without due regard being paid to them, the work of the world could not be carried on. But I am really rejoiced to see women of influence and position taking up the

Questions of the Day,

not as a new kind of plaything to help them to pass the time, but in real, sober earnest. Insufficiency, uselessness, and aimlessness are not now, as they used to be, signs and tokens of respectability. There are still, however, hundreds of women in the world who might do far more than they do at present for those less well off than they are themselves. Their lives are confined in small circles; they are wholly

Self-centred,

and by never exercising the faculty of sympathy it becomes rusty and won't work.

Novel Bridesmaid Dress.

I give you this week a sketch, reproduced from the *Lady's Pictorial*, of a very original and pretty dress worn by the bridesmaids of Miss Addams-Williams, who was married at Clifton on Nov. 7. The dresses were all alike, and were made, as far as possible, to resemble naval uniforms, out of

NOVEL BRIDESMAID DRESS.

compliment to the bridegroom, who commands H.M.S. Martin. The material was blue serge trimmed with gold braid, and there were gold epaulets on the shoulder, white waistcoats braided in gold braid, with hats to match trimmed with gold. They carried beautiful bouquets of white chrysanthemums tied with gold-coloured ribbons. It is by no means to strike out a novel idea for the dresses of bridesmaids, but novelty was certainly found on this occasion.

Next week, in my chat about the children, I have something very interesting to tell you about a charming but as yet not very well known institution called "Johnnie's Day Nursery." It is also the work of a woman, so it has a right to a place in *our* world. MARGUERITE.

An extraordinary case came before Mr. Conser at the Dalston Police-Court on Saturday. On a servant girl being charged with stealing two pairs of boots, it was stated on her behalf that frequently she was for a time unaccountable for her actions; that on these occasions she did most inexplicable things; and that once a doctor having certified that she was dead, she lay three days in a coffin ready for burial, signs of life being discovered at the end of that period. As her employer was ready to take her back, the magistrate bound him over to bring her up for judgment when called upon.

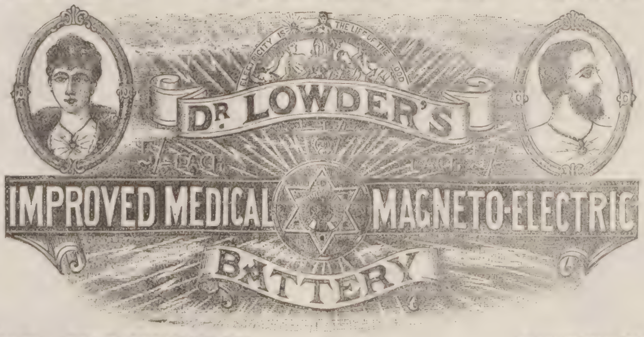
DOCTORS ARE ASTONISHED at the thousands of wonderful cures effected by simply wearing one of HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS. These genuine appliances are guaranteed to do good in every case, and are specially recommended for the cure of weak and languid feelings, nervous and rheumatic affections, liver and kidney complaints, &c. All in search of health should write for book of testimonials, or call and see the Belts scientifically tested at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). Sole Proprietors, THE MEDICAL BATTERY CO., LIMITED; Mr. C. B. HARNESS, President. Consultation free of charge, either personally or by letter.—[ADVT.]

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What HUDSON'S
Will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep at good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

THE GREAT HEALTH RESTORER.

FOR THE SPEEDY RELIEF AND CURE OF

Liver Complaint,
Indigestion,
Debility,
Rheumatism,
Swollen Joints,
Paralysis,
Nervousness,
Skin Diseases,
Heartburn,
Fever,
Weak Stomach,
Spinal Disease.



FOR THE SPEEDY RELIEF AND CURE OF

Neuralgia,
Biliousness,
Sick Headache,
Constipation,
Pimples,
Blotches,
All Complaints arising from Disorders of the Blood,
Impaired Vitality, and
Weak Circulation.

DR. LOWDER'S BATTERY

[illegible] miniature electric [illegible] before the public. It is worn on the chest, next the skin, and acts [illegible] on the [illegible] system, [illegible] a mild [illegible] current without shock: it gives strength and vitality to the [illegible] and healthy circulation to the blood, and assists Nature in restoring the weak and diseased parts to [illegible] condition. It causes hundreds of little nerves and muscles to respond to its action directly it is [illegible], and in acute attacks invariably gives instant relief.

DR. LOWDER'S BATTERY will cure complaints when all other remedies (so called) have proved useless. It is constructed on strictly scientific principles, and supplies the necessary amount of Electricity without the aid of acid or fluid of any kind, is simple in construction, does not get out of order, and retains its power for years.

Thousands of Genuine Testimonials have been received, fully proving the great benefit to be derived from DR. LOWDER'S MEDICAL MAGNETO-ELECTRIC BATTERY. We shall be pleased to submit the originals of all below and many others to Patients and others who will favour us with a visit. Want of space prevents us printing more than the following:—

DR. W. H. MILLS, F.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.,

Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, writes:—

"I have worn DR. LOWDER'S BATTERY, and have experienced great relief and comfort from it. I used to have headaches more or less constantly; since wearing it I have scarcely had a touch of it. I also suffered from severe pains in my back, which have also left me."

INDIGESTION AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

"Dear Sir,—I am thankful to say that the benefit I have derived from the Battery is somewhat marvellous. I have been under the doctor's care for some years without receiving any permanent relief, suffering from indigestion, loss of appetite, severe pains and sickness after eating anything, and not able to do any housework at all. Now I can go about my usual work without any suffering, and experience no pain, my appetite has increased, and all signs of indigestion have disappeared.—Believe me to remain, yours thankfully, SARAH LEECE, 27, York-street, Huddersfield."

RHEUMATISM.

"Dear Sir,—I ought to have written to you long ago to thank you for the Batteries. One of them has relieved my mother, who has suffered for many years from Rheumatism; the other I have worn. I had Chronic Laryngitis; but, thanks to your Battery, my voice is now quite strong.—I remain, yours truly, ISABEL FOX, 9, Clyde-road, Albert Park, Didsbury."

NEURALGIA AND TOOTHACHE.

"Gentlemen,—The Battery you sent has done me a great deal of good. I was suffering from Neuralgia, but since wearing it I have been almost entirely free.—[illegible] C. BARKER, [illegible], Queen's-[illegible]."

SICK HEADACHES.

"Dear Sir,—The Battery you sent me last week has done me a great amount of good. I have suffered greatly for six months from noises and pains in my head, and could scarcely ever get a night's rest. I have tried various doctors, but they did me no good. I have now worn your Battery one week, but it has very nearly cured me. I shall ever feel it my duty to recommend them to all.—Yours truly, ALICE HESKETH, 58, Higher Eanam, Blackburn."

SKIN DISEASES.

"Dear Sir,—Respecting the Battery I purchased of you, I have been troubled for a long time past with pimples and blotches on my face, back, and chest. I have tried various methods for curing them, but they have entirely failed. I have now worn your Battery a fortnight, and am pleased to say the places are almost entirely gone.—I remain, yours faithfully, F. SWEET, South-street, Crewkerne."

BRONCHITIS AND HEART DISEASE.

"Dear Sir,—I am most happy to say that the Battery I received from you a few weeks ago has quite relieved me in my breathing. I have not had one bad night since I wore it, and before I quite dreaded the thoughts of going to bed. Sometimes I used to sit up all night by the fire. I inclose Postal Order for 10s. for which kindly send me, by return, two Batteries for friends of mine.—Yours truly, A. SMITH, Stationer, Addingham, viâ Leeds."

DR. LOWDER'S BATTERY

should be worn by everyone, as it invigorates the system, renews loss of energy, and dispels languid feelings so prevalent at this season of the year. Many pounds may be wasted in Medicines and other largely advertised remedies without the slightest ultimate benefit being derived. Advice gratis and post-free relative to all complaints. Dr. Lowder's Medical Battery is now worn by many healthy persons to guard off disease. It is a well-known and recognised fact that Electricity, properly applied, will cure a patient when everything else has totally failed to render the slightest service.

This wonderful remedial agent is rapidly becoming more and more generally adopted, and must eventually be the leading curative medicine for the treatment of nearly all diseases and complaints, it being now so generally adopted in the Hospitals and by our leading Medical Men. IF YOU ARE SUFFERING from disease of any kind, no matter what it may be, we earnestly advise you to give Dr. Lowder's Battery a trial: it may do you an endless amount of good, and it cannot possibly harm you.

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The following important fact cannot be too frequently impressed upon the minds of suffering humanity, that Mr. Gould, E.B.P., of Bradford, has for some time past and is now giving the Hop prescription for Bitters to all applicants who send a stamp for postage. Anyone in possession of this valuable prescription can for 10d. make a quart of this marvellous medicine, and for 1s. 8d. can make two quarts, sufficient to serve for two weeks. It may be interesting to learn that with this prescription all kinds of hopeless cases have been treated with success when all other remedies had absolutely failed. People who have been partly paralysed have been relieved or cured with this prescription; others have had their reason restored, others their sight; people who could not sleep have had their sleep restored, others who could not eat have had their appetite restored; people who had suffered for years with indigestion and its consequences have had their digestive powers restored; people who have suffered martyrdom with a disordered liver, nervous debility, &c., have been cured; people subject to an accumulation of wind and water have found it disappear under its influence. A gentleman at Lincoln subject to fits fortnightly has not had a fit from the first moment he began taking it. People troubled for years with constipation have had their bowels become regular under its influence. It is a choice, rare, remarkable remedy. The prescription is simple, it is cheap, it is good. Those who haven't sent for it should. It will be found safe, sure, and reliable in almost all ailments incident to the human frame. It is a tonic, alterative, and an aperient combined of marvellous curative properties. These important facts may seem incredible, but it has done far more than is here claimed for it, proof of which is sent with each Prescription. Thousands are blessing the day the Hop Compound for Bitters fell across their path, and it is given absolutely free of charge to all applicants, rich or poor, who send a stamp for the postage of the same. A mode of self-treatment at home has been a long-felt want by all well-regulated minds, and will be found exceedingly advantageous to sensible persons who desire to know what they are swallowing. Address—Mr. GOULD, E.B.P., 479, Manchester-road, Bradford, Yorks. When writing name this paper.

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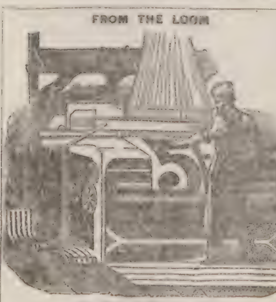
FROM THE LOOM



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These Carpets can only be obtained **Direct from our Looms,** thus saving the Purchaser **Any Middle Profits.** Send for Sample, and if not satisfied **Money will be Returned in full.** Buy from the **Pioneers of Cheap Carpets,** Direct from the Looms, and save 50 per cent.

200,000 Sold during the last Twelve Months.

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TWO CARPETS AND TWO RUGS for 10s. 6d.

This extraordinary offer may not be repeated.

The words "UNION BANK" should be written across all Postal Orders, and made payable to **J. Hargreaves,** at the G.P.O. Address,

THE BRITISH CARPET-WEAVING COMPANY,

31, Old-street, Aldersgate, London, E.C.

2/- Brusselette Hearthrugs 2/-

EACH. **WOVEN & REVERSIBLE. (Rgd.) Size, 6ft. by 3 ft.** EACH.

These Hearthrugs are manufactured in numerous registered designs, and Art Colours. Unequalled for utility, elegance, and durability, and universally admitted to be the best and cheapest Rugs offered to the public. Upwards of 10,000 of these Rugs have been sold at greatly increased prices during last year. Thousands of testimonials and repeat orders have been received.

SPECIAL OFFER:—Two for 3s. 6d.; Three for 5s. 3d.; or Six for 10s.

"Buy from the Manufacturers ONLY, Encourage British Labour, and save 50 per cent."

Absolute Satisfaction Guaranteed, or the Money Returned in full.

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LONDON RAMBLES.—No. VII.

Dickens on Old London Inns.

"In the Borough, especially, there still remain some half-dozen old inns, which have preserved their external features unchanged, and which have escaped alike the rage for public improvement and the encroachment of private speculation. Great, rambling, queer old places they are, with galleries, and passages, and staircases, wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost stories, supposing we should ever be reduced to the lamentable necessity of inventing any, and that the world should exist long enough to exhaust the innumerable veracious legends connected with old London Bridge, and its adjacent neighbourhood on the Surrey side."

It is Dickens, of course, I am quoting. You know the description in "The Pickwick Papers" of the

Inn in the Borough

where Jingle and the love-sick Rachel were discovered by the benevolent Mr. Pickwick, and where that gentleman first met Sam Weller? Mr. Ashby-Sterry says the George was really the place of this famous meeting. I don't know how that is, for Dickens calls it the White Hart Inn, in the Borough High-street. But I am quite ready to believe it is the George, for, while nothing is left of the old White Hart but the name,

THE GEORGE, SOUTHWARK.

The George,

but a few doors beyond, is still standing, very much as it must have been in Pickwick's day, with the old galleries and the very wooden balustrade over which the smart chambermaid must have leaned when she called down to Sam Weller, busy with his boots.

It is a quaint, old-fashioned corner, and so, too, is

The Queen's Head,

still farther down the street, with its little low bar-room, to which you must step down from the court-yard, and its galleries, from the lower one of which the wooden balustrade has disappeared and been replaced by an iron railing.

QUEEN'S HEAD INN, SOUTHWARK.

Both are very old: the present buildings, though their age seems respectable to us, are modern compared to their first foundations. They were among Stow's "many fair inns for travellers," but were burned to the ground in the great fire of Southwark during the last century. The George, doubtlessly boasting a good tap now-a-days, seems to have been famous in olden times chiefly for its vile sack. Some old verses declared that—

The Devill would abhorre such posset-drink.
Bacchus, I'm sure, detests it; 'tis too bad
For Hereticks; a Friar would be mad
To blesse such vile unconsecrable stuffe,
And Brownists would conclude it good enough
For such a sacrifice.

THE LATE FOX-UNDER-THE-HILL, IN THE STRAND.

LIEUT.-COLONEL A. R. SAVILE, 26TH MIDDLESEX (CYCLIST) RIFLES.
From a Photograph by Messrs. Hills and Saunders.

The Borough was a great place for inns. As you go along the

High-street

now, you pass within a few minutes the White Hart, the King's Head, the modernised Tabard, greatest of all, and the Queen's Head, all on the one side of the street. This was the most direct route to London, leading as it does to London Bridge, for travellers from the south, and so, naturally, hostelries sprang up in great numbers. And then, in the old days, the

Inns Served for Playhouses,

with the court for a pit, the two tiers for galleries, and the rooms for boxes; they have been used as models for the theatres that succeeded them. If you do not understand how this can be, go and have a look at the George and the Queen's Head, and fancy galleries not only on one but two or even three sides, and at once you must see how easily our theatre could be evolved from an inn built on this plan.

When the plays were given in the George and the Queen's Head, one visit the players were always sure to have was from the churchwardens of St. Saviour's, who came to talk with them "for tithes and money for the poor, according to the order taken with Master of the Revells." Galleries might be almost empty, boxes deserted, but these visitors at least would not fail them.

As you walk up this crowded thoroughfare in the evening, when men and women are coming home from work, and 'buses and carts rumble past, and a hurdy-gurdy plays at a corner, and the breeze brings with it the friendly appetising smell of roasting chestnuts, and the street-lamps burn red through the gathering fog, do you like to fancy

Shakspere and Ben Jonson,

Beaumont and Fletcher, strolling past? Do you wonder why every man has not a ruff round his neck and a sword at his side? Or do you like better to wander still further back into the good old days, and in fancy ride forth with Chaucer from the Tabard on pilgrimage to Canterbury, with "wel nyne-and-twenty in the companye"?

[By the way, a little bird whispers to me that my friend "Tatler" will have something to say, soon, about Mr. John Saunders's excellent new version of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," modernised, which all booklovers should order of their booksellers.]

Or is it only when you get back into your own room, and remember where you have been, and all that busy, bustling latter-day crowd no longer swarms around you, and your curtains shut out the lights of modern London—is it only then you suddenly awake to all the old associations of the inns of Southwark? Who is it who says that only travellers who invent in cold blood their impressions of memorable places ever have impressions worth recording?

While I was gossiping about the old inns of Bishopsgate-street, I should have mentioned Ye Olde Catherine Wheel Inn in Bishopsgate Without, now in the keeping of Mr. Joseph Doran Bouffler, and probably one of the oldest remaining coaching houses in the City of London. I give the picture of another inn, because it was such a delightfully quaint characteristic London nook, and I do not think we ought to forget such places, even when we no longer have them with us. It was called

The Fox-under-the Hill,

and was not very far from the Savoy; but when the Embankment was built it had to go, like so many other picturesque bits. Well, we can only be thankful we are living now, and feel sorry for the Londoners who are to come after us, for in two or three generations what of the old world will be left to them?

RAMBLER.

"A Simple Fact about" Keating's Cough Lozenges. Ask throughout the world, in any country that can be named, you will find them largely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate can take them. One Lozenge gives ease. Sold in 1½d. Tins.—[Advt.]

CYCLE & CAMERA

I have written so much about military cycling of late that it is high time to say a few words about

Colonel Savile,

whose name is intimately associated with the movement. He has taken an active interest in it from the very first, commanding the Cyclist Corps, lecturing on the subject to both cyclist and military audiences, and doing all he could in every possible way to promote its interests and spread the knowledge of the objects and aims of this new departure.

How well he has succeeded in making military cycling at least a most important and interesting experiment—it is too soon to decide whether it be an established fact—I have frequently had occasion to point out in these columns. As for Colonel Savile himself, there is no cyclist who does not know him. His tall, slight figure, erect and soldier-like, his pleasant face, with fair drooping moustache, are conspicuous at every cycling function of note. He may be looked for on the Ripley-road or at the meetings of the Society of Cyclists in Conduit-street, at the head of his cycling corps in the field, or side by side with his cycling friends at the annual dinners of the leading clubs.

He was one of the instructors at the Royal Military College, Farnborough, until within the last two years, when he resigned his position in order, it is said, to be able to devote more time to the military cycling movement he had organised. His interest in cycling matters, however, is by no means limited to soldier-cyclists. He is a Representative-Councillor in the Cyclists' Touring Club, and also fills an important office in the Roads Improvement Association. He is a leading member of the Society of Cyclists and also of the London Tricycle Club.

The latest development in military cycling is the almost immediate establishment by the Government of

A School of Cycling at Aldershot

—at least, so it is reported. Five hundred pounds are to be spent on machines, and the probability is the order will fall to Singer and Co., of Coventry, who have worked for it from the beginning. They have been most enterprising, inventing and turning out cycles for soldier-cyclists, the most notable of their experiments being the multi-cycle, of which a photograph has already been shown in *The Penny Illustrated*, but which, the chances are, will never have the

success of single safeties and tricycles. The school will be for the regular troops, but it would not be a bad plan to let the Volunteers benefit by it.

To Ripley-road Men.

Mr. Arthur Thompson is, I believe, the secretary, treasurer, and general manager of the fund for the Ripley Road-menders' dinner. That the menders of our roads should have to be bribed to do their work properly is all wrong. The principle is bad, and I don't see how good can possibly be the result of any such dinners. To give labourers an evening's amusement, such as Mr. Low gives the sandwichmen, is all very well, but deliberately to do it for purposes of bribery and corruption—to make of it a sop to Cerberus, as one ingenious journalist puts it—and to let the labourers themselves into the secret by presenting them with their beer and tobacco, and tracts on the proper mending of roads, is to establish a very much-to-be-regretted precedent. Surely, in a country like England, there are more legitimate ways of working for the improvement of the roads and highways of the kingdom!

We all object, at times loudly, to the system of tips in hotels and restaurants; and now, here we are trying to introduce very much the same system among another class of workers. We might as well begin to bribe the street-cleaners and scavengers in town. Fancy feeling obliged to give the dustmen of your parish a dinner and leaflets on the proper way in which dust should be carted in order to make them attend to their work! By all means let the road-menders on the Ripley Road have a Christmas dinner, but let the one and only object be their enjoyment.

I do not think there is much doubt that

The "Pneumatic"

will be one of the most notable exhibits in the coming Stanley Show. The advantage of the inflated tyre, as far as I can see, is that with it the wheel is not so apt to slip just where with the small tyre it slips most easily, though in deep mud it does not answer half so well. I have not yet tried it myself, but judging from reports I should say it would be an advantage to have one's cycle fitted with the patent pneumatic tyres for riding in town over all sorts of paving, but on the road or path it would not be any special improvement. There is no difficulty about the inflation of the tyre, which is managed by a small football air-pump.

N. C. U.

OUR SPECIAL ROVER'S TRIP TO IRELAND.

IN WILD DONEGAL.—I.

I don't think to my dying day I shall forget my first visit to wild Donegal. It began with a long and very early morning drive from Strabane, in the county of Tyrone. I was pressed for time, and anxious to reach Falcarragh by noon, so I started at three in the morning, on a car with a big grey Irish horse, and went spanking along the good roads at a famous rate. I was in Letterkenny, which is practically, though not nominally, the capital of Donegal, before six, and started on my thirty miles'

Drive to Falcarragh

just as the dawn was reddening the tops of the distant mountains. As we left the cultivated land and neared the Atlantic coast, a wonderful panorama unfolded itself. Trees, shrubs, hedges disappeared. Wilder and wilder grew the road. Nothing but brown heather and black bog, with the deep cuttings in it, and the turf-stacks piled hard by, for mile on mile—and in the distance the purple light had caught the tops of the higher ranges of the Donegal mountains. The two highest and most imposing are Errigal and Muckish. Errigal is the beauty of the two. Down its steep scarped sides you see the scars of the storms of centuries. "Muckish," the big square black-looking mass to the right of Errigal, is so called because of its shape. "Muckish" is Irish for "pig-like," and as you look attentively you see the form of a huge porker couchant—or, better still, a reclining elephant—outlined in its huge proportions. By and bye we gain what may truly be called the "pass" to Falcarragh, the narrow gap of Mamore, which could be held against a big force by a few hundred determined men. During the days of what the peasants describe as the "Gweedore Terror," this gap was held by a strong guard of police. Here we get our first glimpse of

The Donegal Peasant

as he—or she—is, in the shape of a barefoot peasant girl, riding bare-back on a bony steed, loaded up with panniers for marketing. Much comforted by a smile and a glance from the sweet dark eyes, we rattle merrily down the gap, meet a whole string of police-cars coming from an eviction, and in a few yards come in full view of the rock-bound coast, the white walls of Falcarragh nestling by the shore, and, in a colour contrast that Homer would have revelled in, a glimpse of the purple-blue waves of the Atlantic, lapped in that wonderful calm that sometimes visits this stormy coast after the early autumn rains and winds have ceased. A more lovely and inspiring scene could not be imagined, and the air, though we were well on in October, had a touch of delicious balm in it which I recommend to invalids as the finest air-specific I have met in any altitude lower than St. Moritz or the Grand Mulets, ten thousand feet on the way to Mont Blanc. It is astonishing that this most beautiful coast, where the rivers and lakes abound in fine trout and salmon, where good snipe-shooting may be had, and where there are at least one or two good hotels (another half-dozen would be useful) at Gweedore and Dunfanaghy, is not more frequented by

English Travellers.

The obstacle is, of course, the distance. At Falcarragh or Gweedore you are about sixty English miles from the railway, and, though car-driving is glorious when your muscles are used to it, it has its drawbacks, when the knife-like blasts

FATHER M'FADDEN.

whiz through the mountain passes and come whirling over these desolate, treeless, leafless plains and bogs. However, in this article I have not the intention of saying so much about the scenery of Donegal as about one feature of its social life—and the life of Ireland—which Father M'Fadden's trial has brought into such startling prominence.

It is a curious and never-to-be-forgotten experience, that drive from Falcarragh to Gweedore along the sea-coast. I have described the utter desolation in the opening scenes of what may be called Donegal proper. But everything in the barren line was eclipsed when we reached Glasserchoo, on the borders of Gweedore. Thinner and thinner grew the patches of arable land, darker, longer, and broader the mass of black bog, with the turf-holes filled with red water. Could any human being live on such soil? Yes, live and be happy. There, for instance, to the left is a hovel which differs in no material respect from the old caveman's dwelling, a wonderful representation of which I saw in the Paris Exhibition. Windows there were none, chimney there was none. It was nothing but a piled-up mass of sods and rough stone, covering a hole burrowed into the mountain-side. However, inside a family of seven, to say nothing of Rory—the "rint-paying gintleman"—and a hen or two, live in some fashion or another. Apropos of Rory here is a story. Scene—an Irish matron thoughtfully reading a letter, and looking into the "apartment" in the single living-room reserved for the pig. The note is a warning from a relative that he is coming for a short stay. The laws of hospitality—which are very strict in Ireland—must be obeyed. The matron shakes her head at the friendly grunter: "Bad news for you, Rory; sure, and I must evict ye."

But in curious contrast with the extreme poverty of the people is the sign of the old

Devotion of the Irish Race to Their Religion

and its representatives. As we complete mile after mile, we come in sight of a gorgeous chapel, with marble facings—the marble that is found in Donegal, unfortunately in blocks too small to be of great marketable value. It is Dunlewy Chapel, where Father M'Fadden occasionally officiates, though on this point I am not quite certain. But the most wonderful sight of all is at the end of the ride, when we face

Derrybeg Chapel

—where Mr. Martin was done to death—and the parochial house hard by. It is not so beautiful as its companion building in the lone valley we have left, though its situation, facing the Atlantic and the lovely islands with fantastically carved rocks, is far finer. It is a plain building, but its size is extraordinary, and in fine weather it is often filled with a congregation of from 1500 to 2000 souls. Why, there does not seem to be five hundred families in the whole of Gweedore! There is a fine altar, and a splendid reredos behind, and there are two huge galleries. The story of this chapel is extraordinary. Its predecessor was built, like many Catholic churches, directly over the river, which now flows by the side of the present structure. In the old persecuting days many Catholic chapels were built in holes close to a stream, so as to afford the double facility for baptism and for concealment from the eyes of a watchful soldiery. But one August day in 1880

A Flood Came Down

from the mountains, and the river rose above the level of the floor, while the congregation was at mass. Five were drowned, Father M'Fadden escaping through the window, helped—by a most curious coincidence—by Sergeant Carey, the man who nearly lost his life in the Martin riot. At once the interest of the whole Catholic world was aroused. A. M. Sullivan's eloquent pen was set to work, and the result of his appeals was

The Fine New Cathedral

I have described. The whole expenses were cleared, with the exception of a small debt of £200.

The man who directs this great spiritual machinery is certainly one of the most remarkable figures in Ireland. His plain, strong face, with the square jaw and keen grey eyes, is seen in its most characteristic pose when its owner is talking at utmost speed as he whirls you along the Gweedore roads in his light buggy with the fast-trotting pony. Energy—untiring, unconquerable—is

Father M'Fadden's Chief Trait,

and it accounts in some measure for the boundless influence he exerts over his people. But not for all. The position of the Irish priest is something that English visitors find it hard to grip all at once. To the peasantry he is on entirely different relations to the clergy of the Established Church. He is passionately on their side, and against the powers that be; and they reward him with as passionate an attachment. Another curiosity in the Irish priest's character is the *bon garçon* air about him. For good or for evil, the Puritanic touch (I don't use the word in depreciation, but simply to indicate a type well known to English Nonconformists) is absent. The priest is not, as a rule, a teetotaler, though I never saw an instance of anything like excess. He keeps a good table, and he likes a quiet game of cards. His conversation is that of the pleasant, amiable man of the world. That is one side of his character. But, on the other hand, he does not neglect his duties. What is known as the "sick call" is a sacred obligation in the Irish priest, and he will go out in all weathers and at all times to fulfil it. You also meet a number of really ideal types among the Catholic clergy. Such was

Dr. O'Donnell,

Bishop of Raphoe, on whom I called at Letterkenny. The Bishop's "palace" was a small villa, such as a man with about £500 a year would inhabit in London. The Bishop himself was a very young man—he is known as the "boy Bishop"—with a saintly face, of a most beautiful ascetic type, and a character for untiring devotion and energy—a true *episcopos*, or overlooker of his poor flock. He is also a scholar and a man of rare and minute learning. Seated beside him was, curiously enough, a type of the jolly Father O'Flynn sort—fat, jovial, well kept, and kindly. Both exist in Ireland, and both, apparently, are very popular among the people.

H. W. M.

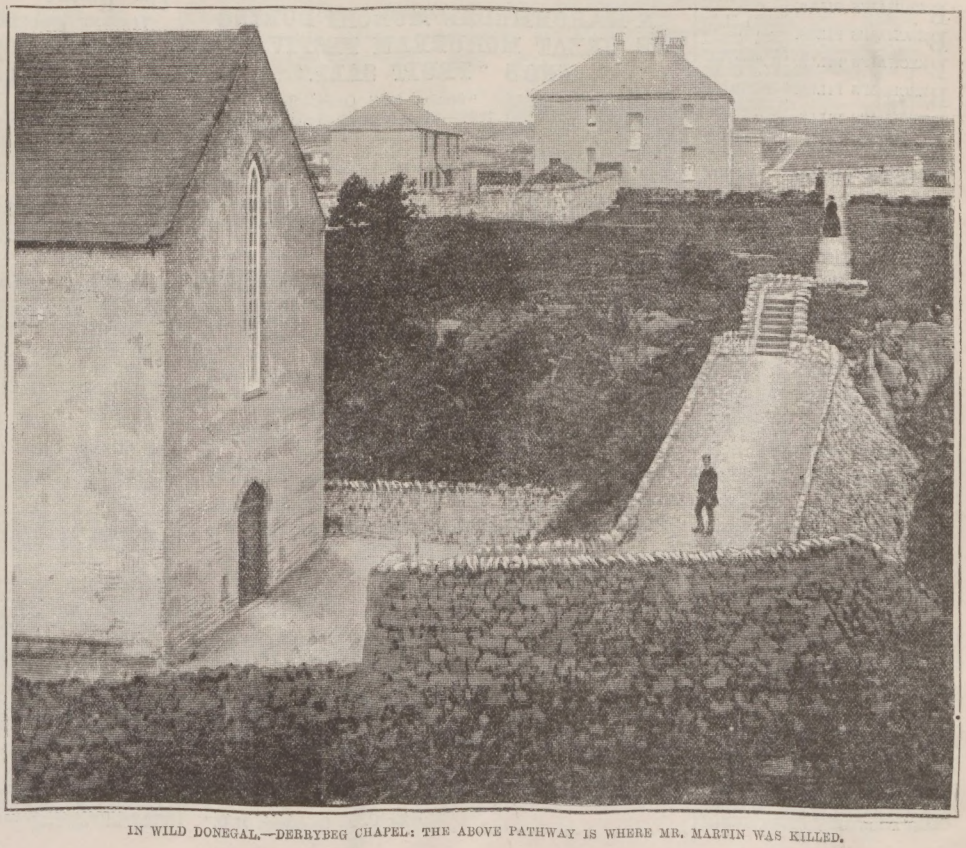
(To be continued.)

A curious story (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*) is being told of Mr. Edison's recent visit to London. He is said to have been greatly struck with the enormous plant he saw in course of erection at Deptford for electric light purposes. The plant is capable of supplying an alternating current of 10,000 volts, and the dynamo is about forty feet high. "I looked it all over," Edison is credited with saying, "and then they asked me what I thought of it. I was thinking of the eighth of an inch of hard rubber between that current and human life, and I told them that when they had it complete they had better move their families into a powder magazine."

Most of the galleries in the British Museum will be opened to the public, commencing Jan. 1 next, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

The Sinews of Wealth are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities and staying power are retained and concentrated in Cadbury's Cocoa.—[Advt.]

To Athletes.—Cadbury's Cocoa is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[Advt.]



IN WILD DONEGAL.—DERRYBEG CHAPEL: THE ABOVE PATHWAY IS WHERE MR. MARTIN WAS KILLED.

FUN AND FANCY.

A NICE GIRL.

She looked very sweet
In a tailor-made dress,
And a hat that matched the gown.
We flirted a little,
I must confess,
Nor did she kill me by a frown.
But that very night,
Ah! sad to tell,
I gave up my hope with a sigh.
She was a waiter-girl
At the big hotel,
And she helped me to the pie.

PRINCES A DRUG IN THE MARKET.

"And so, Jennie," said Julia, "you're going to marry a real live Prince. Dear me, isn't that nice?"

Jenny (sadly): "No, Julia, I'm not. Papa hasn't enough to pay his debts."

A SULKY GIRL

may sometimes be cured by taking her in a buggy with a seat just wide enough for two.

WHAT HE DIED OF.

At a railway bookstall. Fashionable couple are searching for something to read during the approaching journey. She: "Last days of Pompeii"—what did he die of? He: Don't know exactly, but believe it was some sort of an eruption.

A GOOD RETRIEVER.

A gentleman was out shooting near Totnes the other day, when he had the misfortune to shoot his dog. For a moment he was too much overcome to see what damage he had done, and before he had recovered himself the animal, a black retriever, had come up to him, bringing in its mouth its tail, which had been shot clean off.

NOVEL NEPOTISM.

A nephew to his old and wealthy uncle:—"I am desperate, and unless you send me 2000 dols. by this evening I shall take my life; by midnight I shall be no more."

Reply of the uncle:—"Yours of this date received. When, some time ago, you sent a missive of similar import, and I sent you my revolver, what did you do? You 'spotted' the weapon. I have no more revolvers."

FAHRENHEIT.

One warm and pleasant summer eve
We sat beneath a tree,
And she, the silence to relieve,
This riddle asked of me:

"If thirty-two," she shyly said,
"Is freezing point, do try
To tell me what"—she hung her head—
"Is squeezing point?" asked I.

She bowed assent. My arm passed round
That pretty little maid.
"I think," I said, "the answer's found:
It must be 'two in the shade.'"

IT WORKED BOTH WAYS.

Her Father: Gracie, you don't kiss us all round when you bid us good-night nowadays.

Gracie (sheepishly): I'm too old for that now, papa.

* * * * *

Neighbour's boy: Well, I must run home now, Gracie. Say, Gracie, mayn't I kiss you good-night?

Gracie (blushingly): Oh dear, no! I'm not old enough for that, Willie.

INTERVIEWING IN 1890.

Irate Individual: You published an alleged interview with me this morning, sir, which is a tissue of lies from beginning to end.

Editor: Ah! I'll call the reporter who took it, and see what he says. [Rings bell, and reporter appears. To reporter.] This gentleman complains of the inaccuracy of the interview with him. You did the work, did you not?

Reporter: Yes, sir.

Editor: Did you have with you, according to general instructions, the pocket phonograph, which records unerringly every word spoken by both parties?

Reporter: Yes, sir.

Editor: You may bring it in, and we will compare it with the paper.

Irate Individual (hastily): I have to make a train now—will call again. (Leaves.)

TWO DIFFERENT IDEALS.

Visitor: Why are you crying, Tommy?

Tommy: Because mammy won't let me wear my hair long.

Visitor: Oh, you want to look like little Lord Fauntleroy, don't you, dear?

Tommy: Naw; I want to look like Buffalo Bill.

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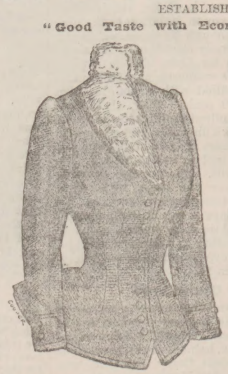

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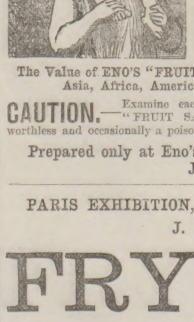

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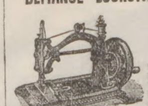

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FOREMEN, TIMEKEEPERS, RAILWAY MEN, POLICE SERGEANTS, CLERKS, and all men of influence among the working-classes WANTED EVERYWHERE to form KENDAL and DENT'S highly successful Clubs for Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silver-Plated Goods, Cutlery, Musical Instruments, Perambulators, Overmantels, Sewing-Machines, &c. Members pay 1s. per week. Splendid value, 6000 clubs in successful operation. Wholesale prices. Apply to KENDAL and DENT, Watch Manufacturers, 106, Cheapside, London. Great success in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

TO STOUT PEOPLE

OBESITY easily, pleasantly, and certainly cured without hardship or nauseating drugs.
A valuable Treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the prescription, advice and full explanations HOW TO ACT, sent FREE on application.
"The only common-sense work on corpulency ever issued."—N.Y. Med. Review.
E. K. LYNTON, Bloomsbury Mansion, Bloomsbury, London.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR!

TO BE GIVEN AWAY!
50,000 CHARMING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
Don't Miss This! Send at Once for
OUR GRAND MONSTER

CHRISTMAS PARCEL.

BETTER THAN EVER.
CUSTOMERS DELIGHTED.

1s. CHRISTMAS CARDS and NOVELTIES. 1s

Extraordinary Value! Selling by Thousands!
THE TALK OF LONDON.
Unanimously declared by the London Press to be, without exception, the
LARGEST AND BEST SHILLING'S-WORTH OF THE SEASON.

SEE PRESS NOTICES.

The Parcel contains the whole of the following splendid assortment of artistic novelties: More than five shillings'-worth of Christmas, New Year, and Birthday Cards also Love, Easel, Mechanical, Shaped, and Silk-Fringed Cards, pretty Scraps, Booklets, &c.; splendid representations of Cathedral Stained-Glass Windows (gratis).

RICHLY COLOURED RELIEF SCRAPS.
Pretty variety of beautiful Embossed Scraps, Ferns, Flowers, &c., six handsome sheets, including three centres, Pat's Love-Letter, and Millais's charming pair "The Huguenots" and "The Black Brunswicker," works of Art finished in the highest style of chromo-lithography.

Very Pretty Illustrated Booklet,
SUNNY PATHS FOR OUR PETS.
Beautifully printed in colours with monochrome etchings and original verse; forms a very pretty present.

NOVEL MECHANICAL CARD,
When open representing a pretty flower-garden.
Very Handsome Sixpenny
SILK-FRINGED CARD.
With Silk and Tinsel Cord to hang.

THREE BIRTHDAY AND LOVE CARDS.
By Stevens, of Coventry. Handy for inclosing in presents.

Three Shillings'-worth of Charming
CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS.
A carefully selected Parcel of Thirteen choice designs, including some very artistic-shaped Cards, Bells, Fans, gilt and silver bevel ed edge, and Easel Cards, which alone are worth more than the price charged for the whole Parcel.
And lastly, in addition to the above marvel ous value, we present gratis a pair of new Transparent Pictures, the most perfect substitute for costly

STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS.
Rich designs for decorating hall-lamps, conservatories, fern-cases, and any window decoration. Sure to be admired.
The whole of the above marvellous Shilling's-worth will be sent post-free for 14 Stamps or two, differently assorted, 26 stamps, P.O.O. or Postal Notes preferred.
Shopkeepers should send for Wholesale Catalogue and Samples of Christmas Novelties, three stamps.

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN LONDON.
JOHN THRIDGOULD and CO.,
18 and 20, SIDNEY-STREET, COMMERCIAL-ROAD, LONDON, E.
(Established 1851.)

MARVELLOUS VALUE, FOUR STAMPS.—SEND US FOUR STAMPS, and we will send you, carriage paid, TWENTY PORTRAITS OF THE WORLD'S CELEBRITIES, and TWENTY PICTORIAL VIEWS of the most beautiful Scenes of the World, each on a separate sheet, superbly engraved and elegantly printed, equal to STEEL ENGRAVINGS. Also FORTY-EIGHT POPULAR SONGS, one on a sheet, tinted paper, finely printed. Also FULL PARTICULARS OF AN ENTIRELY NEW MANUFACTURING BUSINESS, from which good incomes can be made, together with a copy of our GRAND ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (forty pages). Only one set to one Address. UNIVERSAL SUPPLY CO., 126, Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.

2/6 UNPRECEDENTED OFFER! DO NOT MISS THIS! 2/6

40,000 WATCHES WERE GIVEN AWAY IN 1888.

50,000 MORE TO BE GIVEN THIS YEAR, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.

Messrs. GRAHAM and CO., the Eminent London Jewellers and Sole Inventors and Manufacturers of the Celebrated

CARBON DIAMOND AND EGYPTIAN GOLD JEWELLERY,

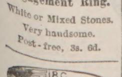
Intend to present to each Purchaser of one of their Egyptian Gold Chains A BEAUTIFUL WATCH, as shown in the Engraving.

These magnificent Chains are manufactured in the most fashionable and costly patterns, to suit ladies and gentlemen, and may be worn without the slightest fear of detection, as they positively equal in appearance and wear GOLD CHAINS COSTING £10 EACH. This is a bonâ-fide offer, and we challenge the trade in the sum of **ONE THOUSAND POUNDS** to supply anything to equal this at the above price.

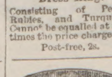
HOW IS IT DONE? The answer is very simple. We calculate that when we have sold 10,000 Chains, we have made 10,000 customers, who will keep our Catalogues by them, and will have all their Jewellery at our Establishment. In proof of this fact we quote figures. We beg to inform our Readers that we have already sold over 60,000 CHAINS since January last, and have also presented our customers with OVER 60,000 WATCHES, and the result is that we have made 150,000 friends: for our goods have been shown about, and consequently we have received thousands of repeat orders daily, and the numerous flattering testimonials that are constantly coming in from delighted purchasers has determined us to present another 50,000 WATCHES, as stated above, to all who purchase one of our beautiful Chains. These Chains can be had in Fetter, Prince of Wales, and other patterns.

EGYPTIAN GOLD AND CARBON DIAMONDS.

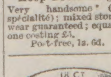
The only perfect substitute yet invented. The new Gold and Diamonds are perfect in every respect, imitating in appearance 18-ct. Gold and Diamonds of the first water. Having been tested, we are confident of their wear. They will stand all Waters, Acids, Alkali, Heat, &c., the Gold being one colour throughout, and beautifully finished. The Stones are set by experienced setters, the lustre rendering them equal to the most expensive Diamonds.



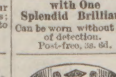
Five-Stone Engagement Ring.
White or Mixed Stones. Very handsome.
Post-free, 3s. 6d.



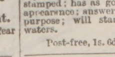
Ladies' Mixed Stone Dress Ring.
Consisting of Pearls, Rubies, and Turquoise. Cannot be equalled at four times the price charged.
Post-free, 2s.



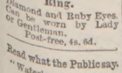
Ladies' 5-Stone Half-Hoop Dress Ring.
Very handsome (our spécialité); mixed stones; wear guaranteed; equal to one costing £5.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.



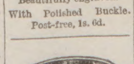
Handsome Buckle with One Splendid Brilliant.
Can be worn without fear of detection.
Post-free, 3s. 6d.



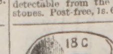
Wedding Ring.
Equals 22-ct., and is stamped; has as good an appearance; answers same purpose; will stand all waters.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.



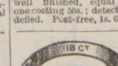
Double-Headed Snake Ring.
Diamond and Ruby Eyes. Can be worn by Lady or Gentleman.
Post-free, 4s. 6d.



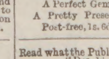
Buckle Keeper.
Beautifully engraved.
With Polished Buckle.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Pearl Dress Ring.
Very neat and handsome, having Five Pearls, undetectable from the real stones. Post-free, 1s. 6d.



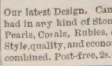
Engraved Keeper.
Beautifully chased and well finished, equal to one costing 50s.; detection defied. Post-free, 1s. 6d.



Ladies' Gipsy Brilliant Ring.
A Perfect Gem.
A Pretty Present.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.

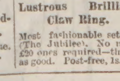
Read what the Public say.
"Waterloo-place, Wick, Nov. 11, 1887.
"Gentlemen.—Received goods safely, and am very pleased with them. Please send Wedding and Dress Ring. 2s. 6d. enclosed.—Yours truly, D. BAINE."

"Dec. 9, 1887.
"Gentlemen.—The Rings to hand this morning. I consider them to be better than what you state; I am fully satisfied and delighted.—Yours truly, J. T. A., Wood-green."



The Beatrice.
Our latest Design. Can be had in any kind of Stones, Pearls, Corals, Rubies, &c. Style, quality, and economy combined. Post-free, 2s. 6d.

Gent's Massive Blood-Stone Signet Ring.
Really Marvellous Value. Selling in Thousands.
Post-free, 1s. 6d.



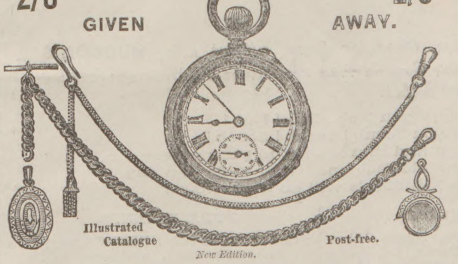
Gent's Single-Stone Lustrous Brilliant Claw Ring.
Most fashionable setting (The Jubilee). No more £20 ones required—this is as good. Post-free, 1s. 6d.

Read what the Public say.
"Dec. 16, 1887.
"Sirs,—I received the Ring safely, and am very pleased with it indeed, especially with the brilliancy of the diamond, which sparkles quite as good as the real article.—Yours truly, A. NEWMAN, Station-square, Harrogate."

"Dec. 19, 1887.
Dear Sirs,—I am very much pleased with goods sent and can well recommend them to the public.—H. NIXON, 162, Hamstead-road, Handsworth."

For Size of Finger, cut hole in card.

2/6 GIVEN AWAY. 2/6



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New Edition.

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Sent, carriage paid, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps for **2s. 9d.**; Two, post-free, **5s. 3d.**; Locket or Seal Charm, **1s.** extra.

Foreign Stamps not accepted.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS.

HUNDREDS RECEIVED DAILY.

"Church-street, Lumley, March 16, 1888.—Dear Sir,—I write to let you know that I have received the Albert and Watch all safe, and am well pleased with them. I have no more to say at present.—W. TWEEDY."

"Alma-street, Kentish Town, April 27, 1888.—I received Chain and Watch last evening safely, for which receive my best thanks. I am very pleased with both.—W. S."

"36, Warwick-road, Maida-hill, April 23, 1888.—My sister having seen the Chain I purchased from you, she would like one like it. Please send one.—MRS. LEGGATT."

"Halstead, Essex, Dec. 20, 1888.—Sir,—Please send me two more Chains, one Locket and one Seal, like the ones you have sent; also the Watches.—Yours truly, WM. COOPER."

"3, Almshouses, Denham, Dec. 12, 1888.—Sirs,—With great pleasure I received your Watch and Chain. I thank you very much; they are really very beautiful.—Yours obediently, MRS. MARSDEN."

"Weekly Cottage, Kettering, Aug. 31, 1888.—Sir,—I received the Watch and Chain this morning, and was very pleased, more so with the Watch presented, as I think it is beautiful. Please send Sovereign Purse, 2s. 6d.—B. BARKER."

"98, Old Palace-road, Norwich, Dec. 30, 1888.—Sir,—I write to let you know that I received the Chain and Watch safely, and am very pleased with them. Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year.—Yours truly, R. CLAPTON."

SEND FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE, NOW READY.

NOTICE.—Postal Orders preferred. Send for our New Handsomely Illustrated Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, post-free. Address—

P. GRAHAM & CO., NEW INN-CHAMBERS, WYCH-STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

Forget me not

HUDSON'S SOAP

☞ *Never Wash, Clean, or Scour without using* **HUDSON'S SOAP.** *A Pure Dry Soap in Fine Powder, Rapid Washing, Foaming Lather LEAVES NO SMELL.*

Though you Rub. Rub! Rub!
And you Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that it's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way to do in a day
What Hudson's will do in an hour!

THE LAUNDRY.

Lawns, Laces, Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Tablecloths, Towels, &c., keep a good colour if regularly washed with HUDSON'S SOAP. Hudson's leaves No Smell. Excellent for Washing Flannels and Underclothing.

SCOURING.

Ease, Speed, Pleasure, and Economy with HUDSON'S SOAP—very little Scrubbing and no Drudgery. Stone Steps, Balconies, and Window-sills will always look nice, if washed down with HUDSON'S SOAP. Greasy marks and stains disappear like Magic.

PURE LINEN.

Clothes washed with HUDSON'S SOAP are beautifully sweet, wholesome, lily-white, and fresh as Sea Breezes. No fraying of the Clothes.

No hard Rubbing, Scrubbing, Brushing, or Straining necessary.

KITCHEN.

Everything should be systematically cleansed and sweetened with HUDSON'S SOAP. It removes Grease from Stove Tops, Cooking Ranges, Kitcheners, Hot Plates, &c. Copper and Enamelled Pans are not likely to burn if scoured with HUDSON'S SOAP.

HUDSON'S SOAP is a pure Dry Soap in Fine Powder, in 1-lb., ½-lb., and ¼-lb. packets, makes a foaming lather, and keeps the clothes a good colour.

HUDSON'S SOAP is excellent for washing Flannels and Woollen Underclothing, as well as Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Tablecloths, &c.

HUDSON'S SOAP for Washing-up. Hudson's is as good for Plates, Dishes, Knives, Forks, &c., as for Washing Clothes. Hudson's leaves No Smell.